

CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

A N O V E L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind;
Ev'n honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the Woods with me. Said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error, and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy, would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex;
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis *Man* with whom thou long'st
to rove.

PRIOR.

V O L. II.

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CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Genoa.

WE have, my dearest Sabina,
been here four days, after a
passage the most charming you can
imagine. As I have an assurance this
will reach England in safety, I could
not omit to acquaint you of our ar-
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rival. I am, my dearest Lady Dormer, in Italy, where we have together often wished to be, when no other inducement but novelty excited the idea in our bosoms. I am now urged by motives more prevalent; and the first day after our arrival, walked with fear and dread, lest I should meet *him*, for whose sake I solely undertook the journey! Genoa, my Sabina, is a charming place, situated on the declivity of a hill, commanding a beautiful view of the Bay; the streets are spacious and noble, and the buildings remarkably fine. I blush, from conviction, at my stupidity, when I tell you, the attention the Marquis Du Puis paid to me, by endeavouring to make me see those beauties in their public edifices on which the Genoese so much value themselves, mostly the designs

designs of Palladio. I admired them, my Sabina, in the gross, but could not fix my mind on the particular orders of architecture, although they are all so beautifully expressed by that great genius. Their pictures are beyond description admirable, as is the church of St. Lawrence, built of black and white marble; and I have seen the famous emerald, mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague in her travels, to whom I refer you for more particular information. The Convents I admired much, but most within side, where I saw such lovely women immured for life! We had the honour to drink coffee with an Abbess, who presides over one of them, the Marchioness being related to her; here I walked in their charming garden, accompanied by a nun, a lady

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who had been once lovely, but the roses began to fade, as Mr. Forbes says of beauty, when it is on the decline. I suppose her age might be five and thirty, and she had been in this confinement sixteen years; they called her Madam Jortinne. I happened as we walked, to heave an involuntary sigh, on which she, with great cheerfulness and affability, clapped her hand on my heart, "from whence heaves that sigh," said she, to me, (in French) "from the heart, I am sure! these convents," continued Madam Jortinne, "are the only resources for sighing hearts."—I immediately retorted, "perhaps she had found their efficacy," with a blush, she answered, "no!—but if I have, Mademoiselle, those sighs are now forgot by me. Religion and resignation

tion baffle the world's miseries!" Her conversation was very entertaining and cheerful. Myself and Louisa exchanged some trifles with her to perpetuate our accidental friendship, which, she said she should particularly value as they were English. We left her in that awful place, with regret, as thinking her worthy to shine in a more enlivened circle; and to-morrow, my Sabina, we shall leave this place, on our way to Vienna. I should tell you we had an interview with the Doge, who is a facetious merry old gentleman. He told me, "I had infringed on the laws of Genoa, by walking in public, but he would overlook the trespass, as I had concealed myself with a veil, which shewed I had no design on the young nobleſſe, who muſt otherwiſe have fallen victims to

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my unparrelled enchantments." I bowed with respect to his excellency, for the compliment, when he added, "that in this instance he counted his age a blessing." How polite the Genoese, my Sabina! But I had no room for vanity, as I could not trace a footstep of Anneffley in all Genoa! —I took the liberty of asking the Doge (for the Marquis and his excellency are on the most intimate terms) if any English travellers had been to visit him lately; he answered no, and Madam Jortinne, when I put the same question to her, said no; and indeed I believe I should in my turn have been jealous, could Mr. Anneffley have been permitted to walk with that lovely woman alone as we did. But the men are only tantalized with viewing them through the grates, and
that

that but seldom. We have purchased two carriages, one for the Marquis and his family, and the other for myself, which we shall take on to Constantinople, with hired horses, till we are there; then purchase some for our private use, as they have Arabian horses in great plenty. I will write if possible from Vienna. With best compliments to Lord Dormer, I am,

Your affectionate friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

B. 4

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,
TO
LADY DORMER.

Vienna.

I Never was more disposed to write to my dearest Sabina, than at this moment, to tell her we have been at Vienna eight days ; not that I can say when this letter will reach you, from the uncertainty of the post. However, as it contains no plot against the life of the Emperor, or a conspiracy to deliver the city into the hands of an enemy ;

enemy ; I will hazard all other chances, with the hope it will reach my friend at Belvoir-Wood, and afford her entertainment, joined to the pleasure of hearing of the health of her Grace. We left Genoa, as I informed you we should, on the Tuesday, and continued our journey on to Milan, where we were detained two days longer than we purposed, by a slight indisposition of the Marchioness, occasioned by a cold. Milan is a noble town, the convents, houses, and churches are very fine, but the swarm of priests and mendicant friars, who follow you about begging alms, for the love of heaven, as they say, makes it to us, who detest such chicanery, very disagreeable. Louisa and myself on walking alone with our veils on, were insulted by one of those sturdy

TO CONSCIOUS-DUPPLICITY

beggars, for near an hour ; he tried by every stratagem to see our faces, and the air, by chance, blowing my veil on one side, the opportunity proved so favourable to his wishes, as to shew by his succeeding language, he had more of the flesh, than the spirit in his composition. But such is the cloak of religion to cover hypocrisy ! I had determined not to give him the smallest donation, towards the support of the convent, as he termed it, but his importunity compelled me to it, to get rid of him. When they have succeeded, they bow with submissive respect, their hands crossed over their bosoms, and muttering a benediction on you, quickly retire. On the Marchioness's recovery, we pursued our journey to this place. I shall not puzzle you with the names of
of

of villages and towns through which we passed ; in some we only changed horses, in others took refreshment and rest, till at length we reached this city, the capital of the Austrian dominions, and the seat of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany. I shall not pretend to describe Vienna to you, my dear Lady Dormer, further than to say, it is not very large, the houses are high, and mostly stone, many families live under one roof, and the stair-case is common to all, consequently, in wet weather very dirty. We occupy a suite of rooms belonging to what we call a hotel, (I do not know the German word (charmingly furnished, and hung with tapestry, describing the journey of the children of Israel in the Wilderness. The wines and provisions are good, but
not.

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not dressed to the taste of an English palate. I do not like Vienna, nor any thing in it but the Emperor; for, alas, my Sabina, I have not found Mr. Anneffley here! In mentioning my having seen the Emperor, you will be impatient, I make no doubt, for my opinion of him, which I will comprise in a few words, by saying, he is a charming man! We were introduced through the interest of the Marquis, who accompanied us; and I had the honour of a quarter of an hour's conversation with him and the Marchioness Du Puis. His Imperial Majesty does not appear to be more than thirty years of age, handsome, with a fine penetrating eye, like his sister, the Queen of France; his conversation is quick, with some agreeable fallies, though his natural vivacity at present

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appears rather clouded, having not forgot the loss of the Empress Josepha Maria, of Bavaria, to whom he was not married more than a year and six months. We had not the pleasure of seeing the Dowager Empress, his mother, as she was indisposed, and therefore could not appear in public. The custom of preferring old wives to young ones, mentioned by Lady Mary Wortley Montague, is, I believe, abolished; and youth seems now in the eyes of the men to be more estimable than high birth, with a toothless comfort. The court was filled with young beauties, and they had all their admirers. I must not finish my account of the German court, without telling you, that the Emperor was pleased to tell the Marquis Du Puis, I was the
finest

finest woman he had ever seen at his court, since he had been Emperor; and Louisa, in consequence, has fau-
 cily stiled me Empress: of which title I should be very vain, as well as of his majesty's compliment to my per-
 sonal graces, had there been a certain person present to have heard it.—But Mr. Annesley is not at Vienna! I am therefore impatient to continue our journey, which we shall do in a few days. But we have a large track of ground to travel over, before we shall reach Belgrade, and we should look forward with terror, did not the season of the year favour such an under-
 taking. Miss Summers, is not, how-
 ever, exempted from a return to the pleasing fallies of her lively wit on my august admirer, as a young Genoa
 Count

Count has petitioned the Marquis Du Puis for an introduction to my pretty friend. He took his leave visibly chagrined, when the Marquis told him Miss Summers had no heart to bestow!—Selwin has no rival to fear! Louisa heaves many sighs for him and his safety. The Austrian women are not handsome, and the men are gloomy and phlegmatic to a proverb. The nuns in their convents are not confined very rigidly, for they receive visits, and play at cards, female visitors only; while the men are allowed to kiss their hands through the grates. But indeed there is a familiarity tolerated here, in the women, that would make some husbands and lovers too jealous in other countries. I shall now take my leave of you, my dear Sabina,

from

from Vienna, with the hope this letter will reach you ; and in a few days continue our rout to the Porte, making Buda our first resting place, in our way to Belgrade, when we shall be in the Sultan's dominions. The weather is remarkably fine, and here at Vienna not too hot. Commend me, with great respect, to Lord Dormer, if he will accept the tenders of esteem from a runaway ; a truant from her home, her friends, her guardian, to follow the variable fortunes of a man who flies her, and whom she does not know, where to find,—but that man is Mr. Anneffley!—the amiable Anneffley!—once her acknowledged lover ; and that is sufficient to justify her conduct to the world,—at least, if not to the world, to herself ! and some day, not

I hope very remote, make my conduct not appear reprehensible to him, who I would wish not to correct with disapprobation, my perhaps too hasty resolution. With what heart felt satisfaction shall I then subscribe to my being, my Sabina's

Ever affectionate friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

THE HON. GLANVILLE FORBES,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Buda.

YOU will think I have been impelled by some fury, or that I have been wafted to this place in a hurricane, when I tell you I was delayed, by the dilatory conduct of the captain, three weeks at Lisbon, after my last letter told you we should leave that place in a few days. We had then an adverse passage, the wind varying.

varying frequently in the Mediterranean at this season of the year; and I now date my letter from Buda, notwithstanding all these impediments. But hear the cause. On my landing at Genoa, I immediately repaired to a hotel, and the first question I asked, was, if a French family had lately been there? "yes," they said, "a Marquis; but there had since been a gentleman, (an English gentleman) with a beautiful lady, and they had travelled on with speed to Vienna; and they believed they were going on to Hanover." Fired with this information, the impetuosity of my passions overcame the evidence of my own senses, for, notwithstanding I saw from a private window, Lady Grace actually embark with the Marquis and his family, following with my eyes the vessel, till
it

it was out of sight, yet did I think, at this moment, either James had betrayed me, or by some accident, she had discovered I was at Lisbon, had try'd a second time to elude my vigilance, and had chosen Lord Serle for her protector (confirmed so perhaps by the most tender tie)—and I immediately recollected that I had not seen him since the night at the Opera. With these surmises I endeavoured to find matter to torture myself. “The lady was handsome?” said I, to the *Maitre de hotel*, — “yes, very handsome.” — “Tall?” — “yes,” — “fair complexion?” — “yes,” — “fine blue eyes?” — “yes, and she sung delightfully,” he added. — “She sung too, did she?” said I, rising, and traversing the room, “I know she can sing delightfully.” — “Was the gentleman tall
and

and thin?"—"both, and enchanted with the lady's singing;"—"O no doubt of that! no doubt of that! every body was charmed when she sung," I replied. "Do you know the lady then, Sir?" said the Maitre, "Know her?" said I, "Zounds, man, she is my wife!—No, no, she is not my wife, but she ought to be.—However, do you put four horses to a travelling carriage, and I will follow them directly." "What, to-night, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir; to-night, Sir; and all night, Sir."—"Alas, you will not overtake them, it is a fortnight since they were here," said the man. "Not overtake them!—I would overtake the devil, if once determined to do it; therefore order the carriage." He bowed, and retired. I then bid Jeffery give me a clean shirt, had my hair dressed,

dressed, and having taken a cup of
 coffee, the carriage came up to the
 door.—I got in, Jeffery following me,
 and ordering the postillion to drive on
 the road to Milan, we left Genoa,
 where I had not been two hours, fully
 possessed with the notion that Lady
 Grace was on her way to England
 with Lord Serle, to avoid me. We
 travelled night and day, till I came to
 Vienna, only changing horses at the
 different stages, at which places I
 always heard of them; so prepossessed
 was I, that I never thought to enquire
 after the Marquis. At Vienna I put
 up at the hotel most frequented by tra-
 vellers, but they had not been there. I
 went to other different taverns, till at
 last I heard of them, and the account
 corresponding with that given me at
 Genoa; there no longer remained
 with

with me the least doubt that it was her. But I found they had taken the road to Buda, and were going on to the Porte. I still prepared to follow them, but being overcome by the fatigue of travelling at night without any rest, I was obliged to yield to the irresistible call of nature, and in the refreshment of a few hours sleep forgot my present anxieties. After I had thus indulged, I arose refreshed, and pursued my journey to this place; when, being conducted to an apartment, I requested to see the master of the house, who, on my putting the same question to him, "whether a very beautiful lady, accompanied by a tall young gentleman, had not been there?" was answered "yes! and they were now in the house." "Are they," said I, "I am glad of that; you may leave me,

me, Sir, and send my servant to me, I will see who shall have the right of protecting Lady Grace Elliott!" On Jeffery's entering, I bid him to unpack the trunks, and bring me my sword. "Your sword, Sir?" "yes!" He immediately obey'd, and brought it me trembling, as if he feared I was going to exercise it on him. I drew it out of the scabbard, and placing myself in a posture of defence, made several thrusts, as at an antagonist, and then returning it into the scabbard, supposing myself in a situation which compelled me to fight Lord Serle, I thought it best to do so immediately, and therefore buckling on my sword, I went out to find the Maitre d'Hotel to conduct me to their apartment. When we came to the door he gave a gentle rap, on which a voice within, answered,

answered, "entrez."—He opened the door, and suffering me to pass him, I made my entre!—but, judge my surprise and confusion, when I beheld a gentleman and lady, entirely strangers to me!—They arose, the Lady sweetly blushing with surprise or fear, while the gentleman approached me with great civility, and begg'd me to sit down. I began then to apologize for my intrusion, as I had mistaken them for some company I expected to overtake on that road.—The excuse was admitted, and I conversed with them for a quarter of an hour, but could not learn who they were. It appears to be an affair of gallantry, and the gentleman seems an Englishman. Our conversation was in French, on the general topics of travellers, fine roads, and fine weather.—The lady was a

beautiful woman, and in some measure to extenuate my credulity, came as near to the person and charms of my Grace, as any woman could.—She did not equal her, nor does any other of her sex! When I left my new friends, I returned my sword to Jeffrey, unstain'd with the blood of a rival; nor could I help smiling, when alone, at the fatigue and anxiety I had endured in following two people with such expedition, of whom I had not the least knowledge. But errors and suspicions of this kind are always attendant on men who love to the excess I do. Yet when I began to reflect, I found it had brought me into a situation rather critical, for in following them with so much haste, I had omitted to enquire after the Marquis and his friends; they might therefore be still at Vienna for
ought

ought I knew to the contrary; and I going on before instead of following them. Besides, Lady Grace might have seen me at Vienna, and if she did she would not pursue her journey; especially if she knew I had taken the same road, as she would then be certain I was following her. I had nothing left but to interrogate my host, when I was happy to hear, that they had passed through this place about a fortnight since. He knew the Marquis Du Puis, as he went the same tour about two years ago, for his health. My lovely angel was very well, and no Lord Serle with her. The man described her to me as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen!—everybody thinks her so as well as me, and I know her to be such from the addition of those internal beauties she pos-

fesses so eminently above the rest of her sex. Thus, Fortescue, you see they are a fortnight on their journey before me, and I intend to keep them so, till the end of it; for when she has been at Constantinople about that period, she will be settled, and ready to receive a lover.—Charming woman! I long to see, to converse with her; she little imagines how much I have endured for, and how near I am to her. But I think her guardian angel (if she has any other besides me) must have imprest on her sensibility the truth; and that I am often in her thoughts is to me a certainty. I shall not write to you again, till I am at Adrianople.—This letter will afford you much entertainment, I know, because you will think I have been punished in being so harrassed: But no!

my

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my difficulties increase my love, and I can surmount all to see her! I can scarcely believe the evidence of my reason when I recollect I am at Buda, was not the circumstance corroborated by an incontestible truth,—that of subscribing myself from thence,

Your sincere friend,

and obedient servant,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

C 3

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

AT last, my dear Lady Dormer, I have finished a journey of great length, and taken up my rest at Constantinople, where we have been a week. I will not detail to you the many places we past through,—our first repose was at Buda, where we stopped three days. Buda was originally the residence of the Bohemian King,

King, and there is still remaining a castle which was the palace, and retains a trait of majesty even in its present ruinous state. It is a garrisoned place, as indeed are all the towns of any note in this part of Europe; war and contests for power, being every where discernible; and the beautiful plains which surround Buda convey an idea of desolation from the scarcity of the inhabitants. From Buda we passed through many places in our road to Belgrade, such as Raab, Peterwaradin, and others, all garrison towns, with swarms of soldiers; and, notwithstanding the fine season, snow was very visible on the hills, where it lies all the year. I fully intended, my dear Sabina, to have written to you from Belgrade, and had begun a letter, but as there was a party who were tra-

velling on to Adrianople with an escort of soldiers, the Marquis embraced the opportunity of joining them, as a protection through the extensive deserts of Servia, where banditti of robbers are frequently met, who plunder you without mercy. Had we not met with this company, we should have had a guard ourselves; however, we escaped without any interruption, and arrived safe at Adrianople, having stopped at Sophia to view the baths there, so famous for their medicinal virtues. Adrianople is a fine place, the buildings being very superb. Here we parted from our new friends, and after staying a few days, to observe whatever was worthy of attention, and rest ourselves, the Marquis on petitioning for a guard to Constantinople, obtained an escort of twenty janizaries to

to defend us.—These men, from their nature as well as their habit—spread terror wherever they come, I own I was in more apprehension from them than my imagination could suggest from any enemy I might meet more formidable. The lower class of people here, are in continual terror at their approach, for they treat them with the utmost severity, and rob and plunder them with impunity; seeming to live in defiance of all law or order. Under this guard we arrived in safety at this place, and glad was I when we were released from the obligation. To describe to you, my dear Sabina, the city of Constantinople, is impossible! form an idea of every thing grand and magnificent. The houses are noble to a great degree; their mosques, particularly *Sancta Sophia*, comprize every

C. 5. valuable.

valuable the world can produce; the marble of which it is built, and the riches it contains are inestimable. I was lost in admiration when I saw it, not conceiving any thing so awful as well as grand, could be displayed by man; and it receives additional state from the dress of the Turks, which has a magnificence in it, join'd to their handsome persons, which is very graceful. The Marquis Du Puis has accommodated himself with a whole house; but as I did not choose to reside with them for particular reasons, I have an apartment for myself and Miss Summers, with my servants, in a large house adjoining; nor can you form a better notion of the beauties of this place, than by my telling you the windows of my drawing-room are towards the water, where they overlook
the

the Bosphorus. The lofty palm-tree and the cypress shade us from the heat of the sun, which is intense; while a gentle breeze plays in the water, in some measure to alleviate the heat, which otherwise could not be endured.

We have got coaches making (or rather repairing) with lattises instead of glass, and some fine Arabian horses the Marquis purchased yesterday, for me and himself. I have an additional footman (who is our interpreter) and a coachman, an Armenian. To-morrow we are to go to see the Baths, where only the Turkish Ladies are visible; and as there is some public gala, we expect to have the pleasure of seeing the Sultan, who is young and
hand-

handsome, and they say affable and easy of access; graces to which the Turks in general have small pretensions, being by nature haughty and arrogant: but when you behold the grandeur of all that surrounds them, it is not to be wondered at, for we imbibed passions from appearance, as example is more prevalent than precept. Have you my letter from Vienna?—lest you should not, I will repeat, with regret, that I have not found my truant rover in all the journey. My heart leap'd with transport at Belgrade, on hearing there was an English gentleman in the house where we were; but on enquiring, it proved to be the secretary to our Envoy here, who was returning to England for his health. When I have seen the Baths and the
Turkish

Turkish ladies, I will write you an account of both. Miss Summers tenders her best wishes with mine, for you and your Lord's continued good health; and be assured I am, as ever, my Sabina,

Your affectionate,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER.

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,
TO
LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

WE have had permission to visit the Baths. and were there three hours. They are charmingly constructed for this hot climate, being, my dear Lady Dormer, all of marble, mostly white, highly polished, with communication from one to another for eight or ten rooms. The Turkish ladies are exceeding beautiful, which beauty,

beauty, like the men's, is greatly heightened by the elegance of their dress. They are in general tall, slender, and finely proportioned; and their dress being loose, without stays, they have a graceful air with the body, which adds a dignity to their deportment. Their conversation is familiar, and when talking of the men, or their lovers, rather free, or what in England would be term'd wanton. They are half naked in these Baths; their necks in general are very fair and lovely, but in their own estimation the greatest beauty is a fine pair of eyes, in which the Greek women excell, and most of the beauties in the Seraglio are from that country. On leaving the Baths we were conducted to the outer court of the Palace to see the Grand Signior pass, which he did with a retinue of grandeur,

grandeur, not I think to be equalled. The Sultan is very tall and handsome, with fine expressive black eyes. He had on his head a turban of the finest muslin, ornamented before with a large branch of diamonds; his robe, tunick, and sash, of the richest silk. I think I cannot, my Sabi, form a truer conception of the Emperor, than in saying he is exactly represented by Mr. Forbes, having his eyes, with his manners and deportment. He was very chearful with his attendant Bassas, talking to them very familiarly. We were very close to him, and he having occasion to stop opposite to us, gave me an opportunity to be thus particular in my description; and I could have been more so, had he not fixed those wicked eyes of his on me, with such penetration, as made me blush and

and look much embarrassed. He condescended, however, to give me a smile, which I interpreted as a smile of approbation. He does not appear to be more than five and twenty years of age. But for all this grandeur, my dear Sabina, give me competence and security, for the late Sultan was deposed and strangled, to make room for this his successor, who may probably share the same fate! I hope not, as I cannot but be interested in the fate of a person, whose appearance is so very amiable. I have for the last two days had the natural serenity of my temper discomposed, so true is the observation, (we often dread what we most wish) by an appearance of twelve Frenchmen who have travelled from Barbary, (where they were shipwreck'd) to this place, to get a passage in some French vessel,

vessel, which trades here, to convey them to their own country. They begged their way 'till they came to Adrianople, where, telling their story to an English Gentleman who was on his travels, and just arrived there, he cloathed them all, furnished them with every accommodation, and after giving to each money to pay his passage to his own country, hired a carriage to convey them here. They are very loud in their praises and blessings of this hospitable, this good Samaritan. My Sabina, I know one humane bosom which could not resist an impulse of benevolence, where the claim was so piercing. Mr. Anneffley's heart is ever open to pity, and to feel for every distress, excepting mine! his expanded mind would yield even to succour an enemy under misfortune! forgive me

if

if I flatter myself it is a lover of mine, capable of such generosity ! If Mr. Annesley should be at Adrianople, he may come to Constantinople; every carriage makes my heart beat with agitation. Louisa Summers thinks it is him ! will he come to the wanderer ? will he press to his bosom a heart only his ! and forget the errors, in full conviction of the sincerity of

Your

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

THE HON. GLANVILLE FORBES,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Adrianople.

WITH no other guard than my own courage, and a brace of pistols in charge of Jeffrey, have I travelled, unmolested, o'er the depopulated plains of Buda, the mountains of Bohemia, and through the deserts of Servia, to this place. I have nothing new to relate to you, they are all as when you made the tour, excepting that

that my lovely Grace has deign'd to bless them with her presence; and in that blessing diffused a joy over the dreary footsteps of devastation, war, and famine, conspicuously mark'd in this desolate country, and aided me to pursue such a track with alacrity and cheerfulness. I am detained here longer than I intended, by a repair being necessary to a carriage I have bought, with six fine Arabian horses, cream coloured, like our King's. With these I intend to make my triumphal entry into Constantinople, attended by two hussars as outriders; and that my appearance may strike my love with respect, I am no longer Mr. Forbes, having taken my second title as Earl of Wycherley; the parade of Duke of Glanville being necessarily attended with more ceremony and form than I
can

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can now submit to. I have already sent my heralds to prepare her for my reception, for there have arrived here a dozen poor miserable Frenchmen, who were cast away on the Coast of Barbary, and have travell'd on foot through that savage country to this place, with the hope of finding a vessel at the *Porte* to carry them to their own country; they were almost naked, and the miseries they have endured scarcely credible. I have cloathed them, given them money to pay their passages, and as they were almost crippled with hard walking, I hired a voiture or caravan, in which I sent them to Constantinople. If my Grace should cast her benevolent eyes on them, the pity that will arise in her sympathizing bosom, will be an ample recompence for all they have suffered; and the benediction her heart

heart will pronounce on him who thus relieved their necessities, be a sufficient reward to me, although I had divided with them the last hundred I had possessed. Before I write to you again, I shall have seen and conversed with Lady Grace, for I purpose to visit her the morning after I arrive, as delays are often attended with danger, and I do not think her quite safe under the Marquis Du Puis's care. My late suspicions respecting Lord Serle, though ill-founded, may yet be confirmed, and as they condemn'd my credulity, have awakened my caution; I must therefore have her in charge myself, in order to lull the turbulent passion of jealousy, so prone to rise in a lover's breast. I make no doubt that her reception of me will be very polite, whatever lurking intimations may rise in

in her breast respecting the cause of my tour. I know she will suspect I have followed her, and I would have her think so, as so it is; and follow her I must, for all places without her are as desert to me as the Plains of Buda. A few lines of Laura and then I will conclude. Lord N—— told me in a letter he had from England, a few days before I left Lisbon, that a report prevail'd there of his late ward, the young Earl of Maros, having an intention to tender his heart to her. You remember I once hinted to you the havock he had made in a fine fortune which he came to when of age; and I find by Lord N—— the revolution of a few years has not awakened in him those virtues of prudence and œconomy, in order to retrieve the indiscretions of juvenile dissipation. I think Laura will hazard
her

her future happiness if she bestows her valuable heart on him. And I cannot but be anxious for the fate of your sister, as well as the amiable woman, who next to my Grace, possess my best wishes; but alas that lovely creature is so interwoven in every fold of my heart, I can never have room for a second election, even should she compel me to resign her to another; for I am hers' and only hers', excepting where a friendship, cherished from our earliest years, warrants me to acknowledge myself forever

Your's,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER XLI.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,
TO
LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

MY dearest Sabina, my dear Lady Dormer, now do I begin to see an error in my conduct irretrievable, past recall! Yet is the heart unspotted as the intention which urged me to hazard my fame, my fortune, to regain the esteem of a man, whose returning love would amply recompence me for all. I begin to have a fearful look towards the future! My heart misgives me in the present; and by a too
pro-

prophetic spirit, may err in judgment, and sin before a transgression. If I do, Lord Dormer must extend his pardon to me, when he attempts to vindicate his friend, at the price of my credulity. Yesterday afternoon passed our window, a very handsome carriage, drawn by six cream coloured horses, followed by two huffars; the lattices being down we could not see who was in it, till, on James, my servant, returning home, he informed me it was an english gentleman on his travels. This intelligence threw my whole frame into agitation. I sent him immediately to enquire the gentleman's name, when he brought me word, it was Lord Wycherley, a young nobleman just come to the title. Disappointed at its not being Anneffley, I became indifferent who was the person, 'till this

morning I received a card with "Lord Wycherley's compliments to Lady Grace Elliott, and he would do himself the honour to pay her a morning visit."—Surprised at this, I hesitated how to act, 'till Miss Summers imputing it to civility, as being of the same country, I returned for answer, that I should be glad to see his Lordship. But, my dear Sabina, judge my surprise, my terror, my astonishment, when, on his Lordship's being announced, Mr. Forbes entered the drawing room! Every apprehension that could occur, did, on sight of him! I trembled with fear; my colour changed alternately from red to white, from white to red! he undoubtedly saw my agitation; but approaching me in the most unembarrassed manner, took my hand, and led me to a seat, sitting down
by

by me with that easy, graceful familiarity, as if we were at my house in Pall-Mall; taking not the least notice of my confusion, but, enquiring after my health, said “I looked charmingly, hoped I had had a pleasant tour, and that the hot climate did not affect my spirits or my constitution.” I endeavoured to rally my scattered senses, and expressed my surprise at his new honours. He informed me that he had taken up the title of Duke of Glanville, to which he had a right by inheritance, but not chusing to travel in so conspicuous a character, he had assumed, in preference, only his second one, “Earl of Wycherley.” I gave a gentle hint at my surprise at seeing him here, but he waved giving a reply, and conversed on in different subjects for an hour, when he took his leave, hop-

ing I would indulge him in the same freedom of visiting me, as when in England. Readily would I have refused his request, had I dared; but I am too much in his power here to hazard his displeasure, I therefore only bowed assent. He was dressed in slight mourning, and looked very graceful and handsome. I hope there is no guile in the hidden heart, which such a fair outside conceals! When he was gone I gave way to a violent flood of tears, and every suggestion I could form came into my mind; he has, no doubt, my dear Sabina, followed me, but with what intention I know not. It was Lord Wycherley who had compassion on the miserable starving frenchmen! Will he have less compassion on me? Ah, Mr. Annefleay, never did I so severely feel the loss of
you

you as now. He cannot compel me to marry him here against my consent, I hope; and what adds to my regret, the Marquis Du Puis and his Lady are gone a dozen miles distance into the country, to see a relation of the Marchioness, who is married to a Greek, where they intend to continue a month. I was much pressed to accompany them, but the prepossession I had of Mr. Annefleay being near, made me not accept their invitation. I wish I had, then should I have avoided an interview which seems to intimate no very favourable conclusion for me. What, my dear Sabina, what can be his motive to take such a long journey after the woman who has given him a positive denial? and as he must know of my being at Lisbon, he can have no greater proof of my regard

for Mr. Annefley than my following him thither. Would you were with me, Sabina; or, I ought rather to say, I would I were with you! and indeed I would return to England immediately, and run all hazards; but if his intention of coming here was to follow me, he would, no doubt, have some scheme to prevent my doing so. In fact I do not know what to do; every person who knocks at the door I think is Lord Wycherley; and my dread increases in the apprehension of seeing him again. May he not have deceived Mr. Annefley!—forgive me, Lord Dormer, the suspicion! but I cannot but suspect the man in all, who so cruelly tries in one instance to wound the peace of

Your affectionate,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

HERE I am, Fortescue, at the sublime porte, and as happy as a prince, for I have seen my dear Grace! conversed with her, and got permission to renew my visit. The dear creature was so surpris'd at seeing me, I thought she would have fainted away. The roses flew from her cheeks and lips, — her hands trembled, — however I sooth'd

sooth'd her into quiet; and conversed on various subjects, trifling and distant from the main point and purport of my taking this long journey, on purpose to visit her. She once gave a gentle hint at it, but as I saw she was not prepared to know the truth, I waved the question 'till this afternoon, when I intend to drink coffee with her, and then, woe be to her, if she gives me a second denial. I have her here,—she is under my protection,—and screen her I will from every other man. She saw my carriage pass when I came into town, and hearing it was an english gentleman, sent James to enquire, in the secret wish it might prove to be Annesley; in consequence he saw Jeffery, who brought him to me, and I learn, through the channel of her waiting maid, the hope of seeing him was
the

the sole cause of her taking the journey, and therefore, you see the gentle intimation I instructed James to give, succeeded; and I have her all to myself, and happy beyond measure, in the possession is your friend. I send this by a ship bound to England, which is just on the point of sailing; the captain having promised to see it conveyed safe to you, his friends living in the neighbourhood of Loo-Abbey. I shall continue to write to you, having no desire of any other society, when absent from Lady Grace; who is all and every thing to me. I confide in your friendship for secrecy in my affairs, a breach of confidence in my Fortescue, being never apprehended, by

His obedient Friend and Servant,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

I Went, as I informed you in my last letter, to visit Lady Grace Elliott, with an intention of coming to an explanation with her, but was told her Ladyship was from home, and indeed I knew she was, for I met her some time afterwards returning in her carriage. I went again, once,—twice, and had the same repulse, from
her

her new servant, who answers at the door, being acquainted with both languages. I began, therefore, to think it was wilful; (and from James I heard it was) but determining to see her, I ordered him to attend to my coming, which, last evening, he did, and on his opening the door, I followed him into the hall, to the drawing-room, when on his announcing my name I immediately entered; but wave every hope to form a judgment of my astonishment, when I found her Ladyship in close conversation with Lord Serle. Every drop of blood in my veins flew into my face and instantly retreated to my heart! Her Ladyship rose to receive me, and extending her hand, which I pressed to my lips, said, she was glad to see me; she then presented Lord Serle, and when we were seated, I tried to read,

read, in that undiffembling lovely countenance, if her words spoke the sentiments of her heart. I do think she was glad to see me, yet I fear it was only to avoid the importunity of that warm young lover, Lord Serle; there was a doubt, mingled with satisfaction, in her face, and when she artfully apologized for her being from home the times I had called, the dissimulation was only pardonable by me, who, I believe, first taught her to deceive. On her servant entering, she ordered him to inform Miss Summers that Lord Wycherley was here, who immediately attended, and, coffee and tea following, general conversation ensued; after which, the servant brought in the fruits, with the cooling beverages accommodated to the hot climate, such as sherbet, mum, and many others.

others. I saw, or fancied I saw, a distrustful and jealous countenance in Lord Serle, and therefore determined to stay 'till he was gone. Despairing of the opportunity I so earnestly sought, and which he had obtained, we both remained in conversation with the ladies, Lady Elliott entertaining us with a lesson on the harpsichord, and Miss Summers with a song, 'till the servant said my carriage was at the door. When I arose to take my leave, Lord Serle arose likewise, shewing his intention of going; finding he had no voiture attending him, I offered to convey him home in mine, which he accepted. When the servant stopped at my door, I intended to have given him the use of my carriage home, but he declined it, adding, "if I was disengaged he would spend half
an

an hour with me." I attended him into
 a room I call my library, when, with-
 out any preface, his Lordship told me,
 that while at Lisbon he had had an
 account of the death of his father, the
 Earl of Shelly. "You may have
 "heard, my Lord," said he, "the in-
 "different terms his Lordship and I
 "were upon; some indiscreet sallies of
 "extravagance and folly on my part,
 "and a determined perseverance on
 "his, that I should marry a woman I
 "could not love, induced me to leave
 "England privately, and retire to
 "Portugal, where a friend wrote me
 "the information of his death. He
 "could not deprive me of the inhe-
 "ritance, the estate being intail'd;
 "but the fascinating charms of Lady
 "Grace Elliott had so captivated my
 "heart, that I could not return to
 "England,

“England, ’till I had made her a se-
 “cond overture, hoping, the additi-
 “onal honours I was now to inherit,
 “might induce her to accept my
 “hand, and share them with me.”
 He added, “a vessel lying ready to
 “sail for this Porte, he had come in
 “her, Lady Grace having told him
 “the tour she was going to take when
 “she left Lisbon.” I put on a coun-
 tenance as grave as it was natural,
 telling his Lordship, Lady Grace was
 a woman not to be dazzled by pomp
 or title; but a still more earnest ne-
 gative I could put on his Lordship’s
 hopes, in the declaration I was my-
 self an avowed lover of that lady,
 and had followed her for the same pur-
 pose, prepared to dispute my claim with
 any man on earth; and, though I had
 much rather live with, should account
 it

it glorious to die for her! His Lordship 'rose without making any reply; and, bowing, immediately retired. I was very warm in my expressions, but thought no further of it when he was gone, 'till this morning, while I was at breakfast, his servant brought me a note, with a formal challenge to fight him to-morrow morning early, under the walls of the Seraglio; with swords. I hesitated a small time, then wrote for answer, "that duelling was a custom unworthy a man of honour; but to oblige his Lordship, I would meet him, at the time he had appointed, bringing only my servant and the weapon he had named, with me; and I should think, (as I had told him) the cause glorious, whether the victor or the vanquished, would the lovely contested prize yield herself to me as the
one

one, or lament my fate as the other!" And now you see, Fortescue, how I am situated. I flew on wings of anger, love, and jealousy, to Buda, to revenge myself on Lord Serle, and he, by a strange perverseness in my fate, compels me to fight him here. I will not see Lady Grace 'till after (if it is given me to live after) we have met, lest it should shake my fortitude or subdue my courage, as I cannot answer for what she is capable of. You will receive a letter from me in due course, if I should survive, if you do not, conclude your friend is no more; should that destiny await me, be assured, to the last moment of my life, of the friendship and esteem of

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER XLIV.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

THE event of this morning's rising sun terminated happily, and no blood was shed, save from a slight wound I received on the back of my left hand, which touching a vein the stream issued plentifully, and so far embarrassed me, that the next thrust might have been of consequence, had not his Lordship's sword by a peculiar

liar

liar providence, caught in the button hole of my coat, and in my trying to disengage it, snapped directly in two. I have such an abhorrence to a contest of this kind that I availed myself not of the advantage I had, by this accident, over his Lordship, but offered him my hand, which he accepting, we parted; when I returned home, and sending for a surgeon, he pronounced there was no danger. I had my hand dressed, and intend to make use of it to my advantage with her Ladyship. We met so early as to gain all the privacy we could wish, and I have cautioned my servant not to mention the affair at all; for I should wish to see Lady Grace before it can possibly be told to her, and for that reason intend to visit her this afternoon. While Serle remains here

here I have her not in my power, I must, therefore, send him packing to England, before I touch her tender heart with a love tale; for should she retreat from me she may take him for her guardian home. I have begun but do not mean to finish this letter 'till I can entertain you on the subject nearest my heart. The reception her Ladyship will give me, after I have hazarded my life for her sake, and to be wounded too!—how will her gentle bosom bleed at the wounded arm and pallid face of your friend.

Adieu.

Thursday Morn.—Continuation.

I have had an audience, the result of which, Fortescue, you shall now hear. On my being announced I was ushered, by James, into the drawing room,
where

where her Ladyship was sitting with Miss Summers only; she arose to receive me with great affability, but the instant she beheld my hand muffled in black silk and in a sling, her whole face was expression. The salutation of introduction being past, she, with a sweet anxious blush, asked if I had met with any accident? A slight one, I replied, bowing "slight!" said the angel, with a tender impatience, "not very slight, Sir, to have occasion "for a sling!" here she stopped, not knowing whether she ought to enquire further; but it was necessary her enquiry should not rest here, as it was more to my honor she should press for the truth, than I should to tell it. I therefore, addressing Miss Summers, as if wishing to change the subject, asked "if they were at the gala last night,

night, as I intended to have been there, but,"—and I looked at my lame hand; this made Louisa inquisitive. "When did it happen, my Lord, and "where?" said Miss Summers, in a half whisper, loud enough for her Ladyship to hear. I mentioned the word Serle and impatience, "How?" said her Ladyship eagerly, "What of "Lord Serle?" With my hand on my heart and bending my body to her as I sat, I said, in a triumphant, tho' tender tone, "that I accounted the wound glorious, her Ladyship being the contested prize." She arose instantly, and hastening to me, "You "have not been fighting with Lord "Serle on my account, Mr. Forbes, "I hope?" "I observed Lord Serle was a young man of violent passions, that I detested duelling, but he compelled me

me to it,"—"when was it?" she demanded with a trembling voice.

"This morning." "Oh!" said she, clasping her hands together, and throwing herself on a sofa, "what a miserable woman am I!" the tears came to her relief, or otherwise, I believe, she would have fainted. Encouraged by this apparent tenderness, I took my seat by her, and pressing her hand to my lips, begged her to be pacified.

As soon as speech was allowed her she asked if Lord Serle was wounded? I said no; "then I am again happy," she returned, "but never, my Lord, hazard your life for me again." I instantly answered, "the cause, as well as the journey of Lord Serle and myself were the same, since no place but where her Ladyship resided, could admit of existence to me." She looked!

how did she look? I cannot, Fortescue, describe her looks to you! a mixture of distrust, apprehension, and pity!—her eyes alternately glanced on my hand, as I still held her's, she seemed fearful to speak, lest her declaration should now effect my health; but as I knew the contrary, I wished to take advantage of her present sensibility, and again urged my suit with all the vehemence of love and tenderness. The dear creature heard me with much more patience than when I made my first overture. She still seemed fearful that what she might say would injure my health; begged me to drop a subject it was painful for her to hear from me. As for Lord Serle, she would write him a card instantly, that his company would be dispensed with at her house. This would not do, I still importuned
for

for a hearing, when she said, "my
 " Lord, you know my heart, it is not
 " given to change ; it might be, per-
 " haps, for my future peace if it
 " were." She rose and walked to the
 window, I followed her, and by soli-
 citude obtained a reluctant consent to
 have her company alone, this after-
 noon ; for Miss Summers never quitted
 the room, altho' our half sentenced
 conversation became, at times, too
 delicate for the ear of a third person ;
 but no doubt Lady Grace had ordered
 her not to leave us. Her heart is still
 Annesley's, you see, if I cannot change
 it this afternoon, and I think it would
 be for her future peace if she did
 change. However that may prove,
 I have gained a dismissal for Serle,
 who has taken it for final, and is going

off in a ship for England. Her tender concern for me, proceeded only from her fears for my life, I am certain; my apprehensions, therefore, counteract my wishes. I expect a refusal, but if Anneffley's name is not mentioned, it may be a polite one. The Marquis Du Puis and his Lady are fortunately at a distance, being gone to visit a relation of the Marchioness's, who is, I believe, herself a Greek. The Grecian women are, by the Turks, you know, chosen for their beauty; the Sultan's seraglio is filled chiefly from that country, but he has not such a lovely woman as my Grace in his whole court. The Sultan is himself a fine figure of a man, and young, yet would I dispute even with him the possession of her heart, should he
aspire

aspire to it ; for he is no more than a mortal man, altho' his elevated station would make the consequence to be a bow string to terminate the life of

Your faithful

GLANVILLE FORBES.

E 3

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

REpossessioned as I was (from the intimation Lady Grace had given me) that I should meet a similar repulse to the one I received when in England, with the additional mortification of her continued regard for Anneffley, yet was I elated, as placing my hope in her fears; knowing how much power I now had over her in
this

this country. I went, therefore, with a confidence unwarranted in me, who know her Ladyship so well. I was admitted (as I went by appointment) immediately, and found her alone; she was reclined on a sofa, reading; you know her fine figure, therefore, image to yourself that lovely woman, dressed in white muslin, rising, and moving towards me with a book in her hand, a timid blush suffusing her face and lovely neck. Her expressive eyes directly glanced at my hand, now out of the sling, (for in truth I never had occasion for one) those eyes shewing an inward satisfaction at the sight, which she could not restrain from her lips; therefore, when I took her hand, before we were seated, she congratulated me on the freedom, rejoiced my hand had mended so rapidly, and

80 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

then, with a smile of ineffable sweetness, repeated her injunction that “I
“ would never hazard my life for her
“ again.” The repetition of a request
so tenderly expressed by her, brought
on the subject we met upon at once ; I
replied, “that it depended solely on her
Ladyship, if she would permit me to
live for her I should be the happiest of
men, but if rejected it was immaterial
how or when I died.” “ Mr. Forb—,
“ my Lord,” said she, hesitating at the
name of Forbes, “ don’t let us be
“ otherwise than friends ; I wish to be
“ such, but our affections are not in
“ our own power ; I have a written tes-
“ timony that Mr. Anneflely has been
“ deceived, and while I know that, I
“ have no heart for any other ; nor has
“ any other, (especially you, Sir,) a
“ right to infringe on what I deem his
“ pro-

“property.” “Then,” said I, rising
 and speaking with a vehemence my
 heart dictated, “I would rather see
 “you immured in the Seraglio for
 “life, than the property of Annefleay,
 “or any other man.” She rose too,
 and with a dignity mixed with anger
 and fear, which shewed the nobleness
 of her birth, “Then, Sir, place me
 “there! I know it may be in your
 “power; I shall be content to end
 “my days in a place, where I may
 “pass unnoticed, or be insulted with
 “the love of even the Sultan himself,
 “which I could not return.” Her
 eyes flashed with resentment, notwith-
 standing the suspended tear, which
 she checked from falling. The gran-
 deur of her behaviour struck me pow-
 erfully, and with a softness of lan-
 guage, which I saw she felt, exclaimed,

“Heaven forbid I should abridge
 “your happiness, tho’ you will not mi-
 “nister to mine.” I led her again to
 her seat, when she condescended to
 say, “if it were possible for her to re-
 gain a heart, ill at ease, she knew no
 gentleman more entitled to her first
 esteem than myself.” I pressed her
 hand to my lips, with sincere affection,
 and was about to reply, when she, (as
 if knowing what I was going to say)
 stopped me, with a “Hush! hush!
 “we will talk no more on a subject
 “which I may truly say is the most
 “painful to me of any.” She rose
 hastily and rung the bell, when Miss
 Summers entered, and we had coffee.
 I would have renewed the conversa-
 tion, but she would not permit it; and
 I was obliged to depart like a fool,—
 unsatisfied; but it shall not end here,
she

she must not expect to keep me her friend on these terms, I would sooner be her sworn foe! Ah, Fortescue, don't you say I am already the sworn foe to her peace, the peace of a woman I love more than my own soul. My conscience reproaches me sometimes, a little, on her account; yet what ample amends would I make her if she would let me. It is she that is her own enemy, in that (like a half convert to the right) I lull the remorse which would otherwise be troublesome. Her behaviour, and all her conduct, (notwithstanding this ill judged ramble) rivets me more to her than ever. She is, undoubtedly the most amiable of her sex, and with a conscious value of her own worth, (truly commendable) never stirs here without a veil close drawn round her. She is right,

as

as the Turks are of warm constitutions, and I am sure she wishes to remain unnoticed, by all the world, but the too, too happy Arthur Annesley. As we are still friends I shall continue my visits to Lady Grace; I know she fears me, altho' she has tacitly confessed I have the second place in her heart, as a lover. But the second will not do for a man that loves as I do; the first and only one must be for your

Obliged and sincere friend,

GLANVILLE FORBES,

LETTER

LETTER XLVI

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

EVERY thing that I apprehended from Lord Wycherley, my dear Sabina, is true, and I am miserable; I have every apprehension to dread his power here. I have likewise been followed by Lord Serle, the consequence has been a duel, but providentially no other injury occurred than a slight wound in the hand of Lord Wycherley.

Lord!

Lord Serle was undoubtedly the aggressor, as such I could not but tell him his visits would be dispensed with by me, and he has left this place for England. My hasty determination respecting Lord Serle, gave Mr. Forbes, (I must call him so) the hope he was more favoured. I have been pained to hear a repetition of that love I cannot return him; his behaviour was respectful and tender, and had not Mr. Anneffley been mentioned, I believe, would have continued so; but the name of the object which frustrated all his wishes, disconcerted him. He threatened me with the Seraglio, to confine me for life from Mr. Anneffley. My resentment got the better of my fear, and I urged him to do it. I told him I should be content to end my life there, unintruded upon by any man.

man. He condescended to apologize for his precipitancy, and as I feared to encourage his resentment, submitted to it. Ah, my Sabina, where is Mr. Anneffley now? I have no particular cause to fear Lord Wycherley, yet my heart dictates to me those apprehensions. I must pardon his love if he is no otherwise an aggressor.— Lord Serle has lost his father, by whose death he comes into possession of a very fine fortune; with this addition to his possessions, it increased his hopes for my favor, and he had but just unexpectedly intruded himself into my company when Lord Wycherley appeared. They left my house together, and what passed then I cannot tell, but the duel immediately followed Lord Serle's first interview, and I never saw him afterwards. My dear
Lady.

Lady Dormer, I begin to think the Convent of St. Clair, at Genoa, with the company and conversation of Madame Jortinne, an estimable resource for a sighing heart; so true it is that the disappointments of life wean us from it. Louisa laughs at me when I say so, and says I shall still meet Mr. Anneffley as my lover. Why is he not here now, to protect me from the lovers I could not admit, and from the intrusions of an amiable man, and his much favoured friend. I must conclude (disposed as I am to moralize) for Lord Wycherley is below; I dare not deny to see him. I will write soon again, when the Marquis Du Puis returns home. I begin to think it would be most prudent to return to England; shall I trust myself to the confidential friendship

ship

ship of Lord Wycherley, the avowed rival to my Annefleay? No, I fear I must not; yet should he offer it, Lord Dormer, and my Sabina too, would in this, as in other instances, reprehend the ill-placed partiality of their

Affectionate

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

A Circumstance happened yesterday, of which when I assure you I am innocent, I intreat you will honor our friendship so far as to believe me. I purposed going a few miles from this place, to meet some gentlemen, who are fond of exploring antiquities, to view a subterraneous passage which has been very lately discovered,

covered, and supposed to be a part of the ancient city of Byzantium. I was actually set out, but, on passing the door of Lady Grace's House, I observed a superb carriage standing there, with a numerous retinue of servants, which appeared to belong to a Grandee, or a Bassa of the court. Fired with my prompt jealousy, which never assisted me 'till this time, I ordered my servant to stop; and going to the door was met by James, with a face expressive of amazement and fear. On asking if his Lady was at home, he led towards the drawing room without making any reply, and opening the door, left me.—This apartment is large, and the windows at the furthest end opposite the entrance.—I went in, where I saw Lady Grace, with Miss Summers, walking in haste towards
the

the windows, a letter in her hand, and appearing in great agitation. On her turning round she saw me, when she hastened her steps, and coming near in violent disorder, threw herself at my feet, then clasping her hands with the letter in them, and lifting her lovely eyes, in the most supplicating manner, to me, said, "Spare me, Sir, O spare me!" Surprised, beyond imagination, at her behaviour, I instantly raised her. "Spare you, my dearest love," said I, "spare you! why this torturing injunction? know, Lady Grace, my honour is dear to me, but your's is dearer to me than life! Who shall dare to intrude on your peace, tho' you have violated mine." I led her to the sofa and seated her, sitting down by her side, "What, Sir," said the agitated beauty,

"can

"can I think of your present words,
 "who so cruelly could at the same
 "instant put your threats in execution.
 "You cannot be ignorant of the con-
 "tents of this letter." I took the let-
 ter and read it in the utmost confusion,
 while her penetrating eyes seemed to
 try to read my soul. The letter was
 from the Vizier, or chief Minister of
 the Sultan, expressive of his royal
 master's passion for her Ladyship, of-
 fering to make her his first and fa-
 vourite Sultana and idol of his soul.
 When I had read it I returned it to
 Lady Grace, with the most solemn
 asseverations of my total ignorance of
 the whole affair; she hesitated for a
 time as if doubting whether she could
 believe me, at last she said, "Well,
 "Sir, you can give me a proof of
 "your innocence only by extricating
 "me

“ me from this difficulty, and your
 “ decision must be speedy, for the
 “ Bassa, who was commissioned for
 “ this business, is waiting in the anti-
 “ chamber, and perhaps expects to
 “ take me away with him.” “ That I
 “ will prevent at the peril of my life,”
 I replied, “ and the only method we
 “ can adopt is to let me avow you
 “ my intended consort. The Turks
 “ are men of honour, and would not
 “ infringe on the happiness of that
 “ man who had a presumptive cer-
 “ tainty of possessing Lady Grace El-
 “ liott.” I might lay some stress on
 the word certainty ; no doubt I spoke
 with warmth. She blushed and said,
 “ Ah, Sir ! how can I trust you ? yet
 “ I will, but remember you are my
 “ friend, and the friend of Mr.
 “ Annesley.” On these conditions the
 Bassa

Bassa was admitted to an audience with me, and I affirmed what would be the glory and pride of my life to see realized. He was not, however, perfectly satisfied with this declaration; I was requested to visit the grand Vizier, this morning, which I did, and had an interview, where I fully settled the affair. It seems the Sultan saw her as she was placed to see him pass on a public procession a few weeks ago, and on those occasions the women appear unveil'd. Her Ladyship's curiosity had like to have abridged her of her liberty, had I not been here; the only recompence she can make me is to corroborate my assertion. But Annefley was now brought up in this her critical situation, as a witness to her conduct. After all, Fortescue, mankind are the same, from the
Grand

Grand Sultan, Mustapha, who sits on the throne, and head of the true believers (as they call themselves) to Robin, the postilion, who guides my carriage; with this difference only, the Sultan attacks through the passions of pride, pomp, and power, my Grace, for what, to flatter, deceive, and betray; the rustic, unadorned by art, trusts merely to nature for success, attacks his Sultana on the force of sensibility, and throwing his rude arms round her neck, vows he will kiss her, as he will love her, to death; in both cases we too often succeed. It is reported in a whisper, that the plague is making its appearance, and yet they talk of a war with the Emperor of Germany, as if that dread messenger did not make havock enough in this part of the world, but they must de-

stroy

stroy one another, for some small disputed territory; when I would be content with one single acre, provided my Grace would confine herself within that boundary, I her Lord, and she to owe me vassalage. But I am her Lord, her avowed, her acknowledged Lord. In the mean time, however, I am under some concern. You remember I told you I had a letter from Anneffley, while at Lisbon, this letter, a few mornings past I began to answer a second time, and had wrote some length, when, being interrupted, I hastily put both into my pocket, nor thought on them 'till to-day, when on searching for, I missed them. If they should fall into Lady Grace's hands I can never be forgiven; all my schemes to gain her and deceive Anneffley will be betrayed. I am going

to visit her and shall soon know if it is so. Pray for me, Fortescue, that I may escape this evil, in recompence for the very signal service I have done Lady Grace, in extricating her from the arms of the Sultan, and the confinement of the Seraglio; which, tho' a palace of great extent, the idea that our liberty is abridged, is ever repugnant to the nature of man, and, I am sure, to that of woman, notwithstanding the Turks will scarcely allow them to be of the same texture as ourselves.

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

T O

LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

THIS letter, my dear Sabina, will quickly follow my last, crowded with incidents painful to relate, did not the unbofoming a loaded recollection give ease to the preffure of the heart. I had accommodated every wish of my mind to judge of Lord Wycherley's conduct as you and your Lord would have me; I imputed his

persecutions of me to his too sanguine opinion in favour of your Grace; I allowed him every merit besides, and even wished to place a confidence in that candour I had persuaded myself he possessed, when a very unexpected event took place. Louisa and myself were preparing for a walk, and had ordered James to attend us, when a superb carriage stopped at the door, the servant enquiring if Lady Grace Elliott was at home. On his being answered in the affirmative I returned to the drawing room, and was immediately followed by a gentleman, (the most graceful Turk I had ever seen, the Sultan excepted,) preceded by two or three what we call gentlemen ushers, who then retired. This Bassa, (for he was one) after apologizing to me, in english, for the intrusion, presented

sented a letter; but form, my dear Lady Dormer, my astonishment, when I found it an overture from the Sultan, written by the hand of his first minister and confidant, the vizier Azon. The letter was expressive of the most rap-
 turous love and fidelity, with large proffers of unbounded power and riches, too dazzling to a mind less attached than mine; that I should be his first Sultana, govern his mind, his purse, and his kingdom, as I did his love, his person, and his wishes; concluding, he had never known a moment of rest, since he saw me a spectator of the procession which I mentioned to have seen him in, and where I told you he honoured me by his particular observance. This letter, my dear Sabi, threw me into the utmost terror and agitation; that Lord Wy-

cherley was the cause of it I did not doubt, from the wish he had thrown out of seeing me in the Seraglio; I therefore could not divine what his intentions were. I begged the Bassa to walk into the adjoining apartment and leave me with my friend; he obeyed, and we were forming one scheme and then another, when Lord Wycherley entered the room. The sight of him increased my terror, I threw myself at his feet, and begged him to spare me; surprise was manifest in his countenance, he raised me to a seat, with an assurance that my honour was dearer to him than his own. Revived by this declaration, I ventured to shew him the letter, and from his solemn assurances I believe him innocent of the transaction; and happy, Lady Dormer, should I be, could I
acquit

acquit him of what follows. On his exculpating himself I had no resource but in his assistance to extricate me, which, after a few minutes consideration, he said, could be no way so effectually done as by my letting him avow a pre-engagement between himself and me, the Turks holding ties of this kind sacred. On the acknowledgement of friendship to me and to Mr. Annesley, I was compelled to adopt the measure; in consequence, the Bassa was informed of my prior engagement, and the next morning his Lordship waited on the Vizier with the same information. This declaration prevented me from being importuned any further in behalf of my royal lover, and I should have had an undoubted right to acknowledge the obligation to Lord Wy-

F 4

cherley,

cherley, but take the sequel. In the evening, after he had had an audience of the chief minister, he came here to let me know the result of the meeting; he was, as might be expected, very attentive and assiduous, by a claim he thought he had in the adoption, and hinted a wish to convey me to England himself; I did not attend to what he said on that subject, when, staying with us 'till late he took his leave. After he was gone, Louisa and myself were retiring to an adjoining apartment, for our evening's repast, and in passing the door Louisa stooped and took up a folded paper, which by the light she found addressed to "Glanville Forbes, Esq. Hanover-Square, St. James's." But, my dear Sabina, what were my sensations, when the superscription shewed me
the

the well known hand writing of Mr. Annefley. You will forgive me when I say curiosity was a temptation too strong to be resisted, and an impulse, involuntary as providential, compelled me to read the contents, by which means I have discovered the most artful deception ever practiced by man. I have transcribed the letters for your perusal, and now, imagining you have read them, let me say to you that I clasped to my bosom the transcript of Mr. Annefley's heart, in the amiable and tender expressions he so forcibly breathes for the loss of your friend. A tear of true sensibility fell from my eyes on the paper impressed by his hands, lamenting the loss of me, and proving the fatal effects of duplicity and treacherous friendship. You will, perhaps, condemn me for
intruding

106 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

intruding on a private correspondence, the discovery will alone justify me. I have taken a copy of Mr. Anneffley's letter, as well as of what his Lordship had written in answer, and to-morrow I shall return him the originals, with an avowal of my knowledge of a discovery in their contents, that will fully determine me never to see Lord Wycherley more. And now, my dear Lady Dormer, you see Mr. Anneffley's letter is dated from Antigua; I am too far embarked to retract, my fame, my honour is at stake, Antigua is the last resource; he still loves, with unabated fondness, your Grace Elliott. Tomorrow I will, for the last time, see Mr. Forbes, I shall then seek the protection of the Marquis Du Puis (who is returned home) 'till such time as a ship is going from hence,

hence, to the West-India Islands, these being frequent, the Turks trading much there. You must assent with me, that it is as imprudent as unsafe for me to continue long here. The disappointment to Lord Wycherley's intentions (or shall I say his hopes) may transpire and reach the Minister at the Divan. The Turks are as violent in their revenge as their love; should the Sultan find the deception, I might be the victim to the one, as I have been the attractive object of the other. When will it, my dear Lady Dormer, be given me to find a certain home, from whence I may date my correspondence with you? shall I ever be in my own happy England again? I now begin to look with horror at the immense distance which separates us. Yet is the object
which

TO⁸ CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

which occasioned it still in view, and with revived expectations. You see by Mr. Annefleley's letter, that Sir Edward Alton's sister, a lady he much admires, is with him; but I do not fear her ascendancy. I have nought to fear but in the fickleness of fate; ever changeable in all but the fixed attachment of my heart, and the unalterable affection with which I subscribe myself, my dear Sabina's

Sincere friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

ARTHUR ANNESSLEY, ESQ.

TO

GLANVILLE FORBES, ESQ.

Antigua.

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

COULD I erase from my mind
the first impression forcibly fixed
in my heart ; or in plain language,
could I, Glanville, forget the amiable,
the lovely Lady Grace Elliott, I think
I should in this little spot of the world,
find entertainment sufficient for the
time I shall remain in-it. It need not
now.

110 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

now be any longer a secret that I came here accompanied by Sir Edward Alton, with his stolen Lady, and his amiable sister, a society truly desirable. Lady Alton being deserving of the fond attention Sir Edward shews her on all occasions, and the young lady, his lovely Harriet, a favourite sister, would compensate for every loss but Lady Grace. I dare not suffer myself to make comparisons, as they intrude too much on my sensibility. I see Sir Edward wishes an union, in which I am complimented as worthy to possess a treasure so estimable, as this his deserving favourite, but my heart will not yield to be a second time deceived, as a proof, I have laid the foundation of a temple, placed in the front of my house, about a quarter of a mile distance, at the extremity of a lawn.

A

CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY. III

A statuary is forming a Cupid with his bow unstrung, to shew, emblematically, the insufficiency of his power over me in future. The temple I shall dedicate to Love and Beauty, the one as pure as the other is unequalled ;— here I shall ruminate some hours every day, and sacrifice those contemplations to her who shewed such small attention to me. I likewise intend to build a chapel, and a small school for the education of the young Negroes born on my estate, as they shall never know the horrors of slavery but by name ; thus you see the lovely Lady Grace, though she would not make me a *happy*, has by the benignity of her influence made me a *better* man. These avocations will detain me here for some years, perhaps for life ; as no inducement can make me return to
the

THE CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

the place where she resides, but the express commands of Lord N—; his fortune now is, however, of small estimation to the man who has confined all his ambition in so small a compass. If you will visit me here, I will indulge you with a private conversation, in this sacred place; for you only merit the honour, who first suggested to me Lady Grace's partiality for a more happy man, than your friend; and it was your advice alone that induced me in another country, to seek that peace, I had vainly flattered myself I should enjoy, with a too fascinating woman in England. I am impatient to hear from you; tell me of her amusements, — of her conduct, — of her — Ah! Glanville, I fear the separation of seas has done but little towards restoring me that tranquility I wish, and you wish'd.

CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY. 113

wish'd me in the advice you gave. I fear the temple will be witness to more sighs, than the serenity of contemplation admits. Lady Grace is still all to my heart, reserving the undoubted privilege I hope ever to enjoy of subscribing myself, dear Forbes,

Your obedient friend and servant,

ARTHUR ANNESSLEY.

LETTER.

LETTER L.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

T O

ARTHUR ANNESSLEY, ESQ.

(Enclosed with the preceding.)

Constantinople.

MY letters not having been transmitted to me from England, since I wrote to you from Lisbon, I have not received any from you for some months; when I do, I hope they will be in a less plaintive strain, and not for my friend to waste in useless sighs those days, he is so capable of
em-

employing to the advantage of himself and the community, on a woman who so ill deserved the tender regard he bestowed on her. I told you, in my last, which you must have received, that I followed Lady Grace to Lisbon, on purpose to watch her conduct, knowing you was not there. Believe me, Arthur, few of them are worthy our attention; and to extricate myself from any engagements with a sex so fickle. I have sought a relief in ambition; and, having taken up the Dormant title of my Ancestors, am now Duke of Glanville; but the parade attendant on a title so conspicuous, has made me suppress it while abroad, and travel as Earl of Wycherly, which is my second title.

You

116 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

You will be surprised at my dating this letter from Constantinople, but wherever I reside, or whatever my rank, I am, and ever shall be, my dear Annefleay's friend, unalterably and sincere, as when I subscribed myself only plain

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER LI

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

T O

LADY DORMER.

Constantinople.

THE dreaded interview, my dear Sabina, between me and Lord Wycherly, is over, and we have parted never to meet more. I am now, with Louisa, at the Marquis Du Puis's, not chusing to trust again, by an ill placed confidence, the machinations of a man so designing and capable as his Lordship. Lord Wycherly,

118 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

erly, agreeably to my request, by a note, came to tea; a doubt and diffidence sat visibly, as unamiably on his face; he seemed conscious of some crime, tho' at that time I had no reason to suppose he thought I had the letter, nor did I know he had missed them. Repentment, my dear Sabi, made me resolute.--On his Lordship's entering the drawing-room, I began, by apologizing for giving him the unnecessary trouble of visiting me, but I had two letters, (taking them from my pocket) which his Lordship had dropped, and, perhaps, might be of that consequence he wished should not be seen. He was visibly confused! all the effrontery which had hitherto carried him on through so many scenes of deceit, left him; he approached to take them, but I held them back;

“ Not

“Not so soon, Lord Wycherly,” said I,—“You have not seen the contents?” he demanded hastily,—“Yes, Sir, I have; the hand-writing of Mr. Anneffley was too familiar to my sight, and, let me add, too dear to my heart, not to wish, when an opportunity offered, to see what he could say to so confidential a friend, on his desertion of the woman he had professed to love. I am now convinced of what I have said, even to you, Sir, that undue advantage had been taken of his attachment; that you, my Lord, are the person, remains no longer a doubt,—there, Sir, are the testimonials, (giving him the letters,) and but two wishes direct my heart, the one is, to see Mr. Anneffley again, and the other never to see you more.” I expected, my dear Lady Dormer, as his past conduct

in-

induced me, that he would have been suppliant, but no,—he was all rage,—and upbraided me with a breach of honour, in reading the letters. Irritated by the recollection of circumstances past, he threw off all restraint,—“I glory, Madam,” said the once amiable Mr. Forbes, “in having deceived Mr. Annefley, and depriving him of such a blessing as yourself;—it was at my instigation he left England, and went from Lisbon to Antigua;—it was through me you took this journey, with the expectation of meeting him, for I was privy even to your wishes. I resided at Lisbon during your stay there, and no transaction of your’s escaped my knowledge. Annefley shall never have you, unless I fall a victim to his sword; but that hazard I can never run, for I have made him
so

so complete a dupe to his own credulity, that not even your avowal of love for him would undeceive him." This declaration deprived me of all resolution. I burst into a torrent of tears, and throwing myself on a seat, exclaimed, "Good heaven, Sir, what have I done, to be thus persecuted by you, who ought to have been my protector!"—"Done," said he, in an agony of rage, "all a woman could do; you have held out to me, as a temptation, all that could be comprised in your sex, of beauty, sense, virtue, to captivate, and then declare yourself devoted to another. You have robbed me of my peace, and I have only retaliated on you and Annesley, what jointly was ready to fall on me." "Leave me, Sir," said I, waving my hand, my face being hid

in my handkerchief, "I wish never to behold you again." "Never!" said his Lordship, and his voice faltered, "No, never, never!" "Then," he returned, "you never shall," and seizing my hand, pressing it to his lips with earnestness, once, twice, hurried out of the house. On his carriage driving from the door, Louisa came to me, and found me so agitated as almost to have lost my senses; we were soon, however, roused by the consideration of our safety, and the Marquis thinking it best that I should be with him 'till I could get a conveyance to Antigua, (my dear Lady Dormer, to Antigua) I accepted of the offer. I have likewise discharged James, the servant I brought with me from England, as I have reason to believe he was a spy of Lord Wycherley's, and
nothing

nothing can more confirm me in the suspicion, than his having taken him immediately into his service. As I observed to you, my dear Sabina, in my last letter, it is become absolutely necessary we should, as soon as possible leave this place, a vessel will, in a few days sail for the Island of St. Vincent's, in which, the Marquis says, we may have an opportunity of going to Antigua. The Marchioness has provided me with a confidential servant of her own, to attend me in the place of James. I have been under a necessity to let them know more of the cause of my ramble than I at first intended, however, I am justified by their approbation; but yet, my Sabina, I remain ignorant who the lover was which Mr. Annefley, (by the instigation of Mr. Forbes) imagined I

124 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

preferred to himself? that it was not Mr. Forbes, himself, is evident; nor do I know how he could suspect me of partiality to the Marquis of Croome. I am satisfied you, my Sabina, and Lord Dormer, are now convinced of the duplicity of Lord Wycherley's conduct, and join me in every expression of regard for the amiable man he has deceived, as well as in detestation of him who has so cruelly wounded the present, and endangered the future peace of

Your affectionate,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER LII.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Constantinople.

HAD I attended to your advice, Fortescue, the prophetic denunciation of revenge and regret, which you said would soon follow my perseverance, had not now overtaken me. Lady Grace Elliott is forever lost! I shall never see her more! by her command I am never to see her more; and she immures herself under the roof, and in

the protection of the Marquis Du Puis, rendering all access to her impossible. I several times, attempted an interview before she left her own house, but was always denied. At last I received a card begging to see me. I went elated, but on my entrance the expressive anger which flashed from those eyes, accustomed always to shed benign influence, too soon told me the truth; she was, Fortescue, in possession of the confidential letter of Annefle's! I read my fate the moment she produced the written papers. She had lost all her former fear, and her resentment was noble and firm. I try'd to intimidate her, and little was wanting to raise my passion to the utmost height of despair, who now for a certainty was on the point of losing her forever. I avowed to her my being
the

the author of all she had suffered,—that I first inspired Annessley with jealousy, and then advised him to go abroad,—that I sent him to Antigua and brought her here,—that I was at Lisbon during the time she resided there,—and finally, I was still determined she should never give her hand to Annessley, 'till we had decided the contest by the sword. She heard all very patiently; and after clasping her hands in detestation of my deception, (as I suppose) and turning those lovely eyes upward to the skies, looked as if she expected to find Annessley sitting there, to hear a cause in which he was so deeply interested; but when I mentioned the sword, and the thought occurred to her mind of his personal safety, all the amiable part of woman returned immediately.

128 CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

She threw herself in a chair, and hiding her face in a handkerchief, eased a burthened mind by an effusion of tears. Lady Grace, amidst this beautiful, unaffected grief for him, commanded me never to see her more! I, interrogatively, echoed the injunction, and she a second time confirmed it; when I pressed her hand to my lips (as she extended it, denouncing the dreadful mandate) with earnestness, and quitted the house, never, as she said, perhaps, to see her more. Having lost Lady Grace Elliott, Edmund Fortescue, what am I to do? repent, you will say, I say, no! I will defer that penitential mortification 'till years and leisure give me opportunity; but as I cannot stay here, I intend to set out, attended by my two hussars, with Jeffery, and James Milford, who is
dis-

discharged from her service on a suspicion of his being an accessory of mine; I could not, therefore, do less than take him back again. With these attendants I shall return to Vienna, and passing through Germany, visit Hanover, and so through France return home. If you will meet me at Paris, I will inform you when I am there. I had once an intention to go to Antigua, and meet Annefley myself, but the observation that the "injured should seek redress," determined me. He may follow me to England if he wants satisfaction, further than he will receive in an éclaircissement with that dear lovely woman. I ill brook, Fortescue, the resignation of her, and can hardly bear, with any degree of patience, her being the property of any man but myself.

I might as well not have interfered, and let the Sultan have placed her as the brightest gem in the Seraglio; but I was caught in a stratagem of my own, of which I fully intended to take advantage, had not this unfortunate discovery taken place, in my carelessness in dropping the letter. I, after all, think there was a fatality in it, and that I had sported with *her* happiness long enough, who was born to diffuse joy and pleasure to all around her. I upbraided her with a breach of decorum in reading a letter she saw directed to me; but she pleaded in excuse, her knowledge of and regard for the hand writing; and that she could not but be desirous of seeing what Mr. Annesley said to so confidential a friend respecting herself. However, she ought not to have read the letter, that

that is certain. I shall not write to you again 'till I reach Vienna, as I shall make all the expedition possible to that place. Commend me, but not recommend me to your Laura. I am, it is true, a rejected man; yet is my heart still a captive to Lady Grace, and Laura's merit entitles her (as Lady Grace says) to more than a divided heart can give. Accept of my best wishes, and believe me to be ever, your sincere friend and obedient servant,

CLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER LIII.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Vienna.

I Have been here a fortnight, and may possibly be detained longer than I wish, or at first intended, by an event, not, I fear, singular, but extraordinary. I left Constantinople the day after I wrote my last letter to you. I passed the house of the Marquis Du Puis, the preceding evening, several times, wrapt in a large huffar coat, hoping

hoping to have a farewell view of Lady Grace; but could not obtain the blessing. I therefore, as you may suppose, set off dejected and almost out of my senses, determining to travel to this place with expedition; thinking, like a fool, that by travelling, I should gain philosophy, and that when I left her, I should leave the thoughts of her likewise. Vain idea! Lady Grace is ever in my mind; with this torturing reflection, that she never thinks on me but with detestation, incurred by a baseness of conduct, unworthy a man of honor,—unworthy a man! I posted on in this humour, without any molestation, 'till within one stage of Adrianople, which we reached in the evening, and where I proposed to rest; but the moon shining with resplendent lustre, I was
in-

induced to take the advantage of a cool night (the days being sultry) and continue my journey a stage further. We had got within about three english miles of Adrianople, when I received a check, by the first postilion suddenly stopping his horses. Alarmed, I let down the front lattice to enquire the cause, when my ears were assailed by the cries of a female in distress. Struck, as usual, with apprehension for the safety of Lady Grace, I immediately supposed it to be her voice, and imagining some greater villain than myself had decoy'd her away, by stratagem, for some base purpose, or that the ministers of the Sultan had taken revenge for their master's insulted love, I instantly opened the door of the carriage and jumped out, taking with me a pair of pistols; notwithstanding

withstanding the remonstrances of my servants, who represented the danger I was exposing myself to, as it might be some banditti, who used, hyena-like, those cries, as a decoy to ensnare compassionate travellers. The cries increasing, I regarded not their advice, but, ordering my two hussars to dismount and give their horses in charge to the drivers, told them to follow me. We had not got a hundred yards from the road, when, just within the skirts of a wood, by the light of the then glimmering moon, I discovered a female seated on the ground, sending forth the most doleful lamentations; at a small distance lay a man, dead,—and, near him, another, motionless, and apparently dying. I spoke to him but he could give no answer. I then addressed the lady, but could
get

get no other reply than a request that I would leave her to her fate, and let her die, as she now knew nothing worth living for. "Away!" said she, "you are a man and will deceive." The words struck me too forcibly, Fortescue, and I answered, "I would not deceive her, if she would place that confidence in my honour which her situation compelled me to swear should be inviolate!" Lady Grace once told me I was a man and must deceive, but it was not Lady Grace who was now to try either my humanity or my honour. She arose, and, regardless of the living body, ran to the dead one, and wringing her hands over him, thus exclaimed,—“O, wretched! too, too wretched Angelina! to see thee thus a victim! false, false man! Why did I fly from the
pro-

protection I had voluntarily sought, to expose myself to love, and to thy treachery!" Then turning to me, "Sir," replied she, in French, "you seem, and you profess yourself a man of honour, I will confide in you, on condition that you will convey me, and the deceased you behold, to Adrianople; that he may be there interred honorably, as his rank merits. For the assassin, who is not dead, I know him not; with him, if your humanity extends so far as to pity a murderer, you are to act as you please." Assured that she would quit this dreadful spot on no other terms, I ordered one of my servants to fetch a pair of the horses from my carriage, and put them into another which stood by, with both the horses shot dead. They did so, and the dead body being placed

placed in it, she insisted on going into it with him. I went likewise with her, while one of my servants took up the dying man, and, placing him in my chaise rode with him, the other leading his horse; thus we proceeded to Adrianople, which we did not reach 'till the night was far advanced. But how shall I describe to you, Fortescue, the terror, the agony of the beauteous sufferer, when, by the light she discovered, in the dying youth, her own brother! Or how paint my astonishment, when in Angelina and the dead person, I saw the two lovers I had followed from Genoa, and overtaken at Buda, supposing them to be Lady Grace Elliott and Lord Serle. On sight of her dying brother, she exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, dear Henry!" and instantly fell into strong

con-

convulsion fits. I had already alarmed the house, and several eminent surgeons were sent for, but in vain; their skill was ineffectual to restore him, he expired at eight o'clock in the morning by my watch, as I stood by his bedside. He seemed very desirous of saying something to me, but speech was denied him, and he several times pressed my hand with great earnestness, looking wistfully in my face; which I interpreting into a charge to protect his sister from future harm, assured him I would; and, as he was perfectly sensible, seemed to die contented in this my declaration. All care for the dead being now unnecessary, we turned our attention to the lady, who lay insensible; every application was made use of to restore her, which, aided by youth, succeeded, and she recovered

recovered from her fits, to hear the fate of her brother. However, she gained resolution sufficient to order that both should be interred in a vault, or dormitory; as she was certain they would be removed by their relatives, when the event was known, and buried with their several ancestors. They were both buried the evening of the same day, (the heat not suffering us to keep them longer,) and Angelina took a last farewell of them, before they were hid from her and the world forever. I was now, Fortescue, left alone with my fair charge, and as she found it necessary to place a confidence in me, she thought it could not be done more effectually than by relating to me her history, which I will give you in a future

future letter, as the lady has lain dangerously ill here for the fortnight we have been at Vienna, but is now pronounced, by her physicians, to be out of danger, and has this moment sent to see me.

Farewell,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER LIV.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Vienna.

THE history of the fair Greek, which I promised to give you, Fortescue, in my last letter, I cannot preface better than in the words of the lovely relator. Wiping a pair of beautiful eyes which had never ceased weeping since recollection had furnished her with the memory of her grief, she began,—‘It may, perhaps

'haps, Sir, appear in your eyes culpable, that so young a woman as I am should intrust to you, a stranger, and a young gentleman too, the history of the cause, why you found me in so dangerous a situation as to excite your compassion and ensure your protection. Alas! it might have been better had you left me to end my woes there with my life. I am the daughter of an eminent Greek Merchant, once resident at Constantinople, — my mother was a french woman; at the death of my parents, my brother, now dead, and myself, coming into large possessions, we chose to reside in France, (being brought up in the roman catholic faith) with the relations of my mother, who were people of rank and opulence. We had been there

two

' two years, and as my age had not
 ' yet furnished me with opportunity
 ' to finish my education, I chose for
 ' my residence the convent of St. Cyr,
 ' for that purpose, having liberty to
 ' visit Madame Gollone, my aunt,
 ' whenever I pleased. At one of those
 ' visits I met the young Lord L—,
 ' son of the Duke of —, an
 ' English nobleman, on his travels.
 ' The first meeting brought on others,
 ' some clandestine, some in company;
 ' till persuasion, seconded by incli-
 ' nation, gained my compliance with
 ' his proposal of a private marriage,
 ' to avoid the anger of his friends and
 ' of mine. I left the Convent se-
 ' cretly with him, and to prevent be-
 ' ing traced, went first for Genoa, in
 ' a ship, and then to Vienna, from
 ' thence to Constantinople, where I
 ' had

' had a relation in the sister of my fa-
 ' ther, who I knew would with joy
 ' receive me. But transient, Sir, is
 ' happiness,' said the weeping beauty,
 ' when you saw us at Buda, we were
 ' on our way to the Porte.—Oh, man!
 ' your sex, Sir, is, by nature, fickle
 ' and prone to deceive! my lover grew
 ' tired of too easy a conquest over the
 ' affections of a woman he had per-
 ' suaded to love him; and instead of
 ' continuing to me that tenderness
 ' with which he won my heart,
 ' avow'd to me that our marriage
 ' was illegal, and a deception on my
 ' easy faith in him, whom I thought
 ' knew no guile. On this declaration,
 ' I told him, the only recompence he
 ' could make, was to restore me to
 ' the happy assylum I had quitted for
 ' his sake; this he promised to do,
 Vol. II. H ' and

' and we were on our journey when he
 ' met his fate, from the hands of him
 ' who too, too unfortunately did not
 ' survive the victory. How my bro-
 ' ther came here, or to know where
 ' we had travelled to, I am wholly ig-
 ' norant; we thought them robbers,
 ' for there were more in his company.
 ' The first thing they did was to kill
 ' the horses, and on the falling of my
 ' lover and brother they all treacher-
 ' ously fled, leaving me in the situa-
 ' tion in which you found me. This,
 ' Sir, is my history, unhappy that I
 ' am to survive to tell it; and more,
 ' that I am compelled to place a con-
 ' fidence in one of that cruel sex who
 ' could so destroy the happy tran-
 ' quility I once enjoyed at St. Cyr.
 ' Yet do I lament his death.—My
 ' brother too, cruel fate! why was I
 ' suf-

'fered to survive either, after a ca-
 'tastrophe so fatal! You have pro-
 'mised, Sir, to be my protector, on
 'your honour, (Oh, how often have I
 'heard honour pleaded for the basest
 'of purposes) will you see me con-
 'veyed to the Monastery of St. Cyr?
 'there, or at some other convent, will
 'I secrete myself from the world for-
 'ever; and by a life of penance en-
 'deavour to atone for my own trans-
 'gression, and pray for the forgiveness
 'of him who was prematurely snatch-
 'ed away, before he had it in his
 'power to replace me at St. Cyr, and
 'repent of his misdeeds.' Her tears
 flowed in such abundance at the re-
 cital as to overcome me; I was unable
 to reply, happy in this reflection,
 Fortescue, that there are greater vil-
 lains than myself, for I never enter-

a thought to the prejudice or dishonour of Lady Grace; the greatest pride of my life would have been to have seen her Dutcheſs of Glanville, and my wife. It was with the utmoſt difficulty I got my fair charge to this place; at Buda we both had ſenſations of different kinds, and when the Maitre de Hotel aſſiſted me to help her out of the carriage, he could not help exclaiming, “*Sacre Dieu!*” on ſeeing the lady I had avowed to him was a total ſtranger to me, now under my protection. The beautiful Angelina fell ſick on her arrival here; the turbulence of unruly grief had ſubſided, and corroding reflection preyed on her ſtrength and ſpirits. She ſunk under it, a violent fever followed, which for ſome time baffled all ſkill. During a whole week we had
not

not the smallest hopes of her recovery; she is, however, now happily well again, and will, in a few days, pursue her journey to France, where she is impatient to be. I cannot prevail on her to take a female attendant with her; her confidence being placed so implicitly in the promise I made her dying amiable brother, she scarcely will permit me out of her sight. I shall greatly felicitate myself when I am released from such a care, and therefore shall go the nearest way to Paris. I will let you know of my arrival, but I earnestly hope the news of the untimely fate of Lord L—— will have reached England before I do, as I am ill calculated to be the bearer of such tragical tidings; especially to a house so illustrious, and the deceased the rising heir of all its honours. The

revenge of the brother was laudable, as, from the circumstance of killing the horses his determination was, that one or the other should fall, —too fatally both were victims. My mind has been so engaged with this fair sufferer, I have not mentioned the object of my tenderest cares, Lady Grace; my wishes are still for her, unabated by absence. I pray earnestly every blessing may attend her steps, tho' it were to the altar with Annesley, as I begin to think nobody deserving of her but himself; of this I am certain, the greatest of blessings will attend him, can he prevail on her to accompany him there; and I have conquered my reluctance so far, as to say, I might possibly rejoice at her happiness, though I could not but envy him the possession of her. Fortescue,

I am now looking forward to see you; but silence respecting my tour must be observed. I can reprehend myself sufficiently, but the rebukes of a friend I cannot now bear. We shall meet, as we parted, the best of friends; for nothing can erase from my breast a satisfaction I hope ever to enjoy, of subscribing myself,

Your obliged friend and servant,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

H4

LETTER

LETTER LV.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,
TO
LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

MY dear Lady Dormer, I was too much agitated in spirits and apprehensions, when on the point of leaving the Porte and parting from the Marquis Du Puis and his lady, to give you a longer letter.* I there referred to my arrival here, where I looked for more tranquility. Alas! fe-

* The letter here alluded to does not appear.

serenity of mind is not always attainable where we wish. I had a thousand fears respecting Lord Wycherley, for I could trust but little to his honour (who was capable of following, to circumvent and disappoint me, so many miles) when he said he would persecute me no further. The nearer we approached St. Vincent's the more my terrors increased, in the apprehension he might be the first person I should meet at Antigua. What had I not to fear from such an interview! We stayed but one day at St. Vincent's, an opportunity offering, we re embarked with a favourable gale; on entering the harbour of this Island, a cool breeze arising, Miss Summers and myself sitting under an awning on the deck, to enjoy the fanning zephyr, the captain observed that there

were many ships at anchor. This gave us an immediate alarm, for as we were at war with Spain, we knew not but a capture might have taken place, and we also should be detained as prisoners. However, on applying his glass, he soon discovered English colours flying, and on a nearer approach saw, very distinctly, the word Culloden on the stern of the largest ship. On this Louisa exclaimed, "the Culloden is the ship Captain Selwin commands, are we so fortunate as to meet him here?" "Ah, Louisa," said I, "flatter not yourself with so pleasing an idea; nor yet flatter me, who, unprotected as I am, may in seeking, lose what I hoped to find in Mr. Annesley.—Lord Wycherley may be here, and, by his ascendancy over his deluded friend, have frustrated all
my

my hopes." The Captain observing Louisa's agitation, (which she could not conceal) said, he would run the vessel alongside the Culloden, and hail her. He did so, and on asking if Captain Selwin commanded her and was on board, he immediately appeared. What was his surprise at seeing me! at seeing Miss Summers? but soon, from what he knew at Lisbon, guessed the cause; and obliging us to go into his ship, said he would convey us on shore himself. We assented, leaving our luggage in charge of my servants. When alone with Captain Selwin I was mortified with the report of Mr. Annefleay's being to marry Miss Alton. The joy of Selwin, at sight of Miss Summers, was inexpressible; and, after taking some small refreshment, on board the

Cul-

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Culloden, we proceeded on shore in his long-boat, happy once more to set foot on land; more especially as I might walk on the ground owned by Mr. Anneffley. Captain Selwin had previously recommended to me a lodging he occupied in the vicinity of St. John's, when he occasionally slept on shore. He said they were spacious and commodious, having the advantage of the sea breezes, and a view of the country. On our landing he conducted us to the house of Mrs. Greaves, an english lady, polite, affable, and agreeable. Here we first refreshed ourselves with a change of dress, and having taken coffee in the highest perfection, the moon rising, Captain Selwin left us for the evening, and returned to the Culloden. On his retiring, Mrs. Greaves
again

again paid us a visit, and walking to the window to shew us the beauty of the view by that luminous planet, pointed out a small building amidst a back ground of trees. On my asking what it was, she told me a new erected temple, built by Mr. Annefley, a gentleman who possessed all the extensive estate we now saw; adding, that she had the honour to be his tenant: "Is the gentleman married?" said Louisa. "No," she replied, "there is a report that he is going to have the sister of Sir Edward Alton, but she believed the report arose more from Sir Edward Alton's wishes, than Mr. Annefley's intention." On her leaving us I threw my arms round Louisa's neck, "O, Louisa, I am now under a roof of Mr. Annefley's, if Miss Alton should have

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have supplanted me in his affections I will seclude myself with Madame Jortinne, indeed I will." Miss Summers, who, elated at having found Captain Selwin, was all cheerfulness, briskly answered, "no, no, St. Clair will be no resource for your sighs; let us, as the evening is delightfully fine, walk up this avenue of trees, which Mrs. Greaves told us led to the temple. You, Lady Grace, shall new string Cupid's bow, I will bend it for you, but you shall direct the shaft, which must be unerring from the hand of my amiable Lady Grace." "Flatterer!" returned I, "but we will walk, as it is not possible to be known by this light." Directed by Mrs. Greaves, (who said there was not the least danger in going unattended) we walked up the grove, shaded on each side

side by towering pines. On our arriving at the top, a little gate presented itself, which, Louisa, high in spirits, opened; and advancing a few paces looked into the temple. On finding nobody there she persuaded me to follow; I did, and we sat down, admiring the beautiful lawn, terminated by Mr. Anneffley's house. We had not been there many minutes, when we observed a person walking slowly up the green; on his nearer approach I soon discovered the walk and manner of Mr. Anneffley. "It is Mr. Anneffley, Louisa! let us retire." "No, it is not," she returned, and immediately, "Yes it is! don't go, Lady Grace, where can you meet him so properly as in a temple dedicated to you, and by moon-light?" "I cannot" I returned, "stay, we must

must retire." This altercation so prolonged the time, that we had but just sufficient to make our escape, when Mr. Anneffley entered the temple and sat down. The agitation of my spirits was so great, on seeing him, that I could not rally them, nor had I time to speak to Louisa; but, giving a faint scream, threw myself into her arms, and fainted away. Her cries presently brought Mr. Anneffley to the spot; but as we were in large bonnets, he could discover no more than a woman fainting, and apparently dead. There needed no more to excite his humanity; he took me in his arms, and, desiring Louisa to follow, carried me to his house, the distance being too great for him to call for assistance. On seating me in a chair, he (as Louisa since told me) quitted the

the

the room, sending in two black female servants, with drops of several sorts and water, Mr. Annefsley enquiring every minute at the door how the lady did. At length I recovered, looking first with amazement round the room, and for him whom I had so recently found,—he was not there; but, on hearing I was recovered, he came in. Ah, my dear Sabina, how shall I tell or describe to you, his emotion, when, in his recovered patient, he saw his Grace Elliott?—“Lady Grace Elliott!” said he, with astonishment, “it can never be! my eyes deceive me! she never can mean to insult me thus.” All the amiable benignity of Annefsley was flown;—he left the apartment with precipitation, and in manifest anger; and, sending two servants to conduct us home,

home, we reached the house of Mrs. Greaves; where, complaining to her of indisposition, I retired to my room, and, throwing myself on the bed, gave vent to a violent flood of tears, occasioned by my former information that Miss Alton was his intended bride, being by his present behaviour now confirmed. Captain Selwin had already told me he never behaved to him but with the coolest civility, nor ever since he had been at Antigua (which was a fortnight) had given him an invitation to his house. This conduct, my dear Lady Dormer, is still mysterious. I was so ill the next day as to be confined to my chamber. He knows at whose house I lodge but did not send to enquire after my health. Captain Selwin dined with us on that day, he wished me to let
him

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him wait on Mr. Annefley, but at present I have declined it. I will write to you, my dear Sabi, soon again, being obliged to take the advantage of this conveyance immediately, as such an opportunity may not offer again this month to come. Commend me to Lord Dormer. I have only two consolations, which are, a certainty that Lord Wycherley is not here, and an assurance of being permitted to subscribe myself, dear Lady Dormer's unalterable friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

THE frequent visits of Captain Selwin to his Louisa, had given her opportunity fully to inform him of the duplicity of Lord Wycherley; and the torturing indifference of Mr. Annesley to your friend, Sabina, made me determined, by the first conveyance, to leave this place for England, or Genoa, assured in my
own

own mind, Miss Alton had fixed his heart; but I wished to have an explanation of his conduct prior to his leaving England, yet did not know how to accomplish it. To write to him myself was an indecorum he might condemn,—to send Captain Selwin, he might refuse to see him,—and yet his letter, still in my possession, so full of tenderness! what was I to think of him? “But they are all alike,” said I to my heart, “Mr. Annesley would be a Lord Wycherley, if an occasion offered, he is already one, to me; and I know not which of them I ought most to condemn.” Captain Selwin advised me to send Lord Wycherley’s and his own letter under cover to him, with an explanation of his friend’s treachery. This I rejected immediately, as laying myself

self open to his censure, and the triumphs of a rival. At length I determined to write a card, with "my compliments, that I was going for England, but did not chuse to leave Antigua 'till I had thanked him personally for the civility he had shewn me when ill; and that I would, with Miss Summers, wait on him this morning." I received for answer, "Mr. Annesley's compliments to Lady Grace Elliott, the favour he had shewn her was sufficiently returned by the acknowledgement; in his present situation it is improper to accept a visit from her at his house; but, if agreeable, he will wait on her at the hour she has appointed."

Signed A— A—.
 Monday Morn. 10 o'Clock."

This

This being settled I waited the hour with impatience, fully determined to come to an explanation; for as we had been here but a week, nothing could have transpired relative to me, and I would immediately go to one of the adjoining Islands, and wait there for a ship sailing for England or France. At length he came, and entering the room, addressed Miss Summers with the greatest politeness. He then turned to me, with a countenance visibly confused, and told me, with a hesitating voice, how much he was surprised at seeing me at Antigua. But added, that he ought not to be surprised. "Ought not to be surprised, Sir? Yes, you ought. You are not unacquainted with my visiting Lisbon,—with my tour to the Porte,—but, Sir, you are unacquainted with
the

the treachery of a false friend, in Mr. Forbes, (you know him by no other title) and to make you sensible of that, has brought me to Antigua." "Madam," said he, his eyes flashing resentment and anger, "you knew not of my being at Antigua, it was a secret that I came here; nor can I doubt the sincerity of a friend I so much value as Glanville Forbes. It is not one, two, three lovers has restrained Lady Grace from travelling; it is not the *merit*, but the *man*, engages her attention; and that idea is now confirmed by my seeing you here." "Insolent!" I returned, and rose from my seat, "leave me, Sir, and let Miss Alton share with you the pleasures of Antigua.—I shall go directly for England." He then, bowing to Miss Summers, left the room.

My

My agony, my dear Sabina, is not to be expressed! Such an insinuation from Mr. Anneffley could not be endured! — I immediately desired Captain Selwin to procure us a passage in a ship going to Jamaica; and Louisa is now deploring her fate in leaving him. If the wind proves favourable we shall sail tomorrow morning early. I have transcribed Mr. Anneffley's letter, as well as the unfinished one of Lord Wycherley, with an explanation of the whole of his Lordship's conduct, respecting me as well as himself, and directed it for Mr. Anneffley. Thus, my dear Sabina, has this affair terminated! What will not treachery accomplish, where such dangerous powers are lodged, with a will to execute. Lord Wycherley has a mind the most abandoned

CONSCIOUS DUPLICITY.

What human nature is capable of, could he review his own conduct unshaken by terror.—He would have been here could his conscience have stood the meeting Mr. Annefley. I may possibly see you if my mind does not draw me to St. Clair, to which, in its present state, it has a strong bias. I every day find more force in Madame Jortinne's observations, and think a fighting heart a bauble for the malicious and happy to toss at pleasure. Let it seek shelter where a shelter can be found, from the noise of a busy world. Adieu! I cannot say for how long. A tempestuous sea, a jealous lover, a treacherous friend, are too much for a sensible mind to support. Let the first receive, the two others have deceived me; but the sea, tho' stiled an inconstant element,

ment, is less fickle and, dangerous than a false lover or a treacherous friend ! The inclosed is a copy of the letter I shall leave for Mr. Annefley, which Captain Selwin has engaged to deliver himself, the morning immediately after we have sailed. I can write no more ; at our next interview I may fold my Sabina (as in imagination I am frequently doing) to the affectionate heart of her

GRACE ELLIOTT.

I. 2. LETTER

LETTER LVII.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

T O

ARTHUR ANNESSLEY, ESQ.

TO convince Mr. Annessley how unfounded is his imputation injurious to the honour, as wounding to the sensibility of one, conscious of the undeviating rectitude of her conduct, I have sent copies of two letters; one, the dictates of Mr. Annessley's heart will acknowledge; the other, from the pen of a confidential friend.

Mr.

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Mr. Forbes was the only formidable lover who dared avow his wishes.— You, Sir, have been deceived, I have been deceived too. An anonymous letter, from a person who left you at Lisbon, induced me to go there. Captain Selwin will deliver this packet to you when I shall be on my passage to England. Allow me to add, that the transcriber of the two letters, as well as author of this, wishes that happiness to Mr. Annesley with his intended bride, she was once vain enough to think capable of being bestowed by

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

TAKE the recital, my dear Lady
Dormer, unembellished or
adorned by any other grace than the
probity, the honour, the candour,
and more than all these, the love of
Mr. Annesley for your happy friend.
The ship in which we had taken our
passage for Jamaica, weighed anchor,
with a fair wind, at two o'clock this
morning.

morning, when Captain Selwin left us and returned to the Culloden. We had not proceeded above a mile to sea when a dead calm succeeded a brisk gale, and we lay incapable of stirring for some hours. My spirits were too dejected to admit of any recreation from the beauties of a rising sun or a sea prospect. Louisa too was depressed and inanimate. We sat fullen and silent alone in the cabin, unless interrupted by the impertinence of my maid, who, devoid of care herself heeded not the anxiety of others. Suddenly we were roused by a noise on the deck. George, my footman, opened the cabin door, "Captain Selwin, my Lady." Selwin entered, Louisa started. Ah, my Sabina, I instantly saw of all men the most welcome, I saw Annesley at my

feet! I had not power to rise! he seized my hand, and pressing it to his lips with fervency, pleaded for a pardon which he instantly obtained. "Rise, Sir," said I, trembling with agitation, "whence this interruption? I am pursuing my voyage to Jamaica, or elsewhere, all places are indifferent to me now!—Miss Alton will ill brook a seemingly revived partiality for me, in opposition to her happiness. Mr. Annesley can deceive, but will not betray." "My soul!" he returned, "what have I to plead for, which Lady Grace's letter does not say will be granted! we have both been deceived, all but my blind credulity is pardonable. Let me conjure you to return to Antigua. Miss Alton, however amiable, cannot plead an ascendancy over my heart, a heart which
once

once fondly hoped a return from Lady Grace Elliott. Let me say that hope is now revived!" "Ah, Sir, am I to believe you?" We returned, my dear Sabina, to Antigua, and I am again at Mrs. Greaves's. It is late in the evening. Mr. Annesley and Captain Selwin have just left us. Louisa is disposed for rest, but not being myself inclined to sleep, I am now sitting at a window; and Captain Selwin having related to Louisa the morning interview with Mr. Annesley, which brought about the eclairecissement that has succeeded, I will give it you. Captain Selwin was on board the Culloden, dressing himself to wait on Mr. Annesley with my packet, when his servant brought him a letter, which on opening he found to this effect, and which I will transcribe,

transcribe, as the original lies before me.

‘Sir,

‘The loss of Lady Grace
‘Elliott was in itself insupportable,
‘without an additional insult by
‘bringing her here to confront me.
‘An acknowledgement that my future
‘life will ever feel regret for her loss
‘may add to your satisfaction; how
‘weak soever the atonement, I think
‘it due to the injury done me, that
‘you take one of a brace of pistols
‘now lying on the table before me,
‘and give the recompence I feel want-
‘ing to my honour; or, as you have
‘succeeded in robbing me of my
‘happiness, put a period to my
‘misery. An answer is expected,

‘ARTHUR ANNESSLEY.’

‘Thursday morn. 7 o’clock.’

Surprised

Surprised and astonished as Captain Selwin was at the perusal of such a letter from Mr. Anneffley, still there remained a mystery undeveloped to him. He only sent a verbal message by the servant, "he would wait on Mr. Anneffley immediately," finished dressing himself, and, returning to the land with my packet, went directly to his house. On his name being carried to Mr. Anneffley, in his library, Captain Selwin was admitted; where he was sitting, reading, by a table, on which lay a brace of loaded pistols. On the part of Mr. Anneffley little ceremony was necessary, and he would have had Captain Selwin take one and decide the supposed difference at once; but Captain Selwin, conscious of no wrong, was temperate, begged his adversary to be more deliberate, and,

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and, avowing that there was a woman dearer to him than his life, which he wished to preserve for her sake, entirely unguarded the natural equanimity of Mr. Annefley's temper. "Yes, Sir," he replied, "for that Lady it is I wish this decision." "How!" said Captain Selwin, at the moment forgetting Mr. Annefley's note, and thinking only of Louisa, "it can never be! 'tis impossible." "Impossible!" returned Mr. Annefley, "impossible to love Lady Grace Elliott?" "Pardon me, Sir," returned Captain Selwin, "I do not say so." "You avow it then to my face, Sir?" impatiently, and taking those implements of destruction in his hand offered him his choice of them. "No, Sir," said Captain Selwin, putting aside the pistols he presented to him, "when com-

compelled to fight, it shall be with deliberation, not urged by rashness. I owe much to my honour, but more to my existence; which I have no permission to abridge; and ill should I deserve, from Miss Summers, a return to my affectionate tenderness for her, if I thus incautiously hazarded a life she condescends to value." "Miss Summers?" said Mr. Annefley. "Yes, Sir, Miss Summers; I have been under a private contract of marriage with her before I had the honour of your acquaintance, and on my return to England hope to fulfil it." "Amazement!" returned the surpris'd Mr. Annefley, "where is Lady Grace Elliott?" "They are on their passage to Jamaica, I left them early this morning, on board the Tryal, with a favourable wind; it is now a dead calm which

which I fear will detain them. Lady Grace commissioned me to deliver this packet to your hands, and I was dressing for the purpose when the servant brought your note." Mr. Anneffley took the packet and laying it on the table, "is it possible, Captain Selwin, I can so long have been deceived!" "You have, Mr. Anneffley, been deceived under the specious appearance of friendship; the contents of these letters will undeceive you; I will bid you good morning." Captain Selwin was going, when Mr. Anneffley, in an agitation of distress, conjured him not to leave him; and, opening the papers, soon found how groundless had been his suspicion. "Fly, Captain Selwin," said Mr. Anneffley, "fly and send my yacht to fetch them back. Perhaps Lady Grace will not
return

return to the man who is so unworthy of her. Go for her, my dear Selwin! as you value my friendship.—But stay, we will go together.” The fortunate circumstance of the calm favoured the intention. The yacht was occasionally rowed by eight men. What followed I have already related to you. Mr. Annesley is the same elegant, tender lover as when in Pall Mall. Tomorrow we dine at his house. I know my dear Sabina and Lord Dormer will rejoice with me, at the ease I have at last procured. May every fostering angel guard my friend, prays her

Affectionate

GRACE ELLIOTT

LETTER

LETTER LIX.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

IT is now three weeks since I wrote to my dear Lady Dormer, every day, every hour of which time has only served to shew that all the persecutions and deceptions of Lord Wycherley are amply recompenced by the tender regard of the most amiable as well as best of men, Mr. Annesley. I can even think of his lordship with
be-

benignity, when I imagine that he has, by thus trying, made me more worthy of the happiness which awaits me. The morning after our return Mr. Annesley paid an early visit at Mrs. Greaves's, and sought an opportunity, not shunned by me, Sabina, to make those professions of attachment, a diffidence only of his own merit had made him hesitate to do when in England; and which omission had occasioned all the pain I have since endured. On his declaration I could not refrain from mentioning the cruel author of our mutual uneasiness in terms of acrimony. But Mr. Annesley would not let me proceed.—“He forgave every man,” he said, “who loved Lady Grace Elliott.” I have been for some time so accustomed to disappointment that I can-

not help fearing a check will arise to my present happiness. The steady behaviour of Mr. Anneffley respecting Lord Wycherley, makes me doubtful that he meditates a more serious reparation, especially as he seems impatient to return to England; and the hasty manner of procedure with Captain Selwin shews the best are not masters of themselves when they feel a wound either to their love or honour. Had not Captain Selwin been more temperate and commanded his passion, what might not have been the consequence! The bare idea is more than my mind can bear!! Antigua, my dear Lady Dormer, is a delightful, though a small Island, mostly level, with a rich verdure intermixt with plantations of sugar canes and coffee grounds; the lofty trees

trees form an agreeable shade, and the various views of the sea make a pleasing contrast to the interior beauties of this charming spot. I could pass my life here with Mr. Annesley. His house is elegant and the chapel and school nearly finished. Mr. Annesley, when he declared me the possessor of his invaluable heart, added, that he entertained the same invariable opinion of your happy friend as at the first moment he beheld her, and *that*, he said, could alone plead for my returning favour. "But, Lady Grace," continued he, "I am a much poorer man, than when I first presumed to hope for such a blessing, I must endow my chapel and school." "Sir," I returned, "let me dedicate a portion towards such beneficent works, which shall ever remain in
my

my mind memorials of our meeting here, and subsequent eternally avowed attachment! Nor when I please myself with reflections on both, will I, if possible to refrain, give one uncharitable thought to him who has made me hazard so much." Mr. Anneffley bowed on my hand (for we were sitting in the temple) and observed that he had dedicated the temple to love—to a lost love, but now restored. "We will restore our lost friendship too," said the benevolent man. These declarations dispelled my fears respecting his wish of returning to England, being perfectly contented to continue here, and rather wishing it on the idea it were better a meeting between Lord Wycherley and Mr. Anneffley were avoided. Captain Selwin and Miss Summers now joined us; Captain
Selwin

Selwin had an opened letter in his hand which he had just received from Jamaica, informing him of the death of an amiable friend, who had been killed in a duel by a brother officer. This gave Captain Selwin an occasion to inveigh against a custom so fatal in its consequences and prejudicial to society; on which Mr. Annessley replied, with some warmth, "there were instances in which a man was compelled to assert his invaded right, or to redress his injured honour." My heart sunk, Sabina, at this declaration from him, and I faintly said, "I did not think there possibly could be any cause would justify a violation of nature's laws." "True," Mr. Annessley said, "we could subscribe to a truth which in some instances we could not practice. I think, Lady Grace, your honour

nour injured and mine too, in the conduct of him I still stile my friend, to whom but one act can reconcile me." "O, Sir," I immediately answered, with much agitation, "let that act be performed rather than engage in a rencontre which must destroy my peace forever; if in your power do not hesitate to do it." "It does not depend on me, Lady Grace," said Mr. Annessley. "Then if it depends on Lord Wycherley, Sir, adopt some mode to make him acquainted with it." "It depends not on Lord Wycherley neither," Mr. Annessley returned, "it rests with Lady Grace Elliott herself." "O," said I cheerfully, "if it depends on me, I shall not a moment hesitate, though it were to call Lord Wycherley my friend. But what can it be, Sir, in which I have
such

such power?" He pressed my hand to his heart, and said, "to honour me with this gift while at Antigua; you will then, Lady Grace, by every tie bind me yours, and it will be my duty to preserve my life for you alone." Captain Selwin recommended it as most effectual, while Mr. Annessley wished a double union might take place, and Miss Summers secure her faithful Charles. But prudential reasons prevented that, fifty thousand pounds and prudence, are sure guarantees to keep that great enemy to happiness, poverty, from intruding. My dear Sabina, I have not yet given my assent to Mr. Annessley's request, but believe I shall, for indeed I sometimes look back, fearful and with dismay, at the precipitate means I took to regain him. Few men would,
like

like Mr. Annefley, have been so easily convinced. Few men, you have often said, deserve your Grace; nay, none, save Mr. Annefley. Yet will Lord Dormer still say, one more deserv'd her; I cannot now subscribe to his opinion. My dear Lady Dormer, whatever change a few weeks may make in me, either in point of name or situation, unalterably shall I ever remain your and Lord Dormer's

Obliged servant and friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER LX.

LORD WYCHERLEY,

TO

EDMUND FORTESCUE, ESQ.

Paris, Hotel de Angleterre.

SOME letters which I expected at Lisbon, I wrote to my agent at the factory to forward to this place, and found them on my arrival, with an unexpected one from you, dated so far back as January. Others, particularly one, oblige me to be in England soon. I will not, therefore, press for your company here, as I am

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myself

myself a nonentity and unfit for any society. When I have settled a few matters of moment I shall retire to the Moat, and finish those reparations which from my long absence have been neglected ; then I will endeavour to fortify my mind against future disappointments, by study and seclusion from the world. Little will be wanting, as the heaviest trial past, in the loss of Lady Grace Elliott, will make all succeeding ones trivial on the comparison. I shall find a consolation in your company, if you will visit me there. Annefley, I make no doubt, will seek the place of my retreat, but don't you imagine I embrace solitude to avoid him ; I will readily meet him, if he thinks it necessary either to his or Lady Grace's honour. Fighting may be pastime to a man at enmity
with

himself, as I am; all prospects of pleasure in looking to the future are lost in losing her, and there can be no satisfaction in reviewing the past, when the mind recoils, and hurries from thought to thought, to avoid the retrospection. I do so now, and tell you it was with difficulty I got Angelina readmitted into St. Cyr; they disputed her testimony, and with much doubt believed mine. She is, however, to remain there 'till a more eligible situation is found by her friends or herself. I wish I could persuade myself to credit the absurdities which the roman catholics profess to believe, for then I would turn friar, and I might find consolation in the confession of others, criminal as myself; for griefs, it is said, lessen on comparison. Why should not our sins too?

The lovely Angelina perseveres in her determination to seclude herself from the world, at least from man. — She, sweet innocent, never sinned; the transgression lay with her betrayer; and how much at ease will she find herself in the review of the seducer's life and her own. A half reluctant sigh heaved when she parted from me; the tear quivered in her eye and the benediction faltered on her lip, when she bade me farewell. Her eyes followed my steps and the carriage in which I had brought her, as it slowly moved from the vaulted roof in which she had chosen to be immured for life. On my return to the Hotel and my apartment, all was vacant and forlorn, (the society of woman being every thing). I shut myself up, and did not appear 'till the next day, when I received from the fair

fair recluse a small box, in which was a note, written by herself, expressive of gratitude for the protection I had given her; assuring me of her daily orisons for my prosperity and happiness, with a fine miniature of herself, set round with small brilliants, which she begged me to accept and wear for her sake. I will both, as in viewing them I may lessen my regret, in the thought, that though I have been guilty of some bad actions, I have in one good one rescued a beautiful and suffering woman from the censure and malevolence of the world, and aided her in finding a shelter from future persecutions from man. I shall too look to her daily prayer, as antidotes to ills attendant on and merited by me. In the midst of all this depression of spirits, Fortescue, I am

going this evening to the french opera, to see a famous female dancer; but I fear it is with a view to fly from myself. On the morrow I shall set out on my road to Calais, through Rouen, and then to England. If you wish to see me before I go to the Moat, you must come to me soon, at my house in Hanover-Square, as I shall be there a few days only. Annefleay cannot yet be in England, I think; if he is, he must have missed of meeting Lady Grace; but I fear they will come together, to encrease a disappointment already insupportable to me. I wish to see you in town, if it is only to assure you personally of the continued esteem of

Your obedient servant and friend,

GLANVILLE FORBES.

LETTER

LETTER LXI.

LADY GRACE ELLIOTT,

T O

LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

ONE week more, my dear Lady Dormer, and the rising sun will see your happy Grace Elliott a bride, —a wife to the amiable Mr. Annefley. The chapel is consecrated, and though it was first intended, to prevent intrusion, that the ceremony should be performed at Mr. Annefley's house, by special licence, I have consented, at

K 4

his

his particular request, who I wish ever to oblige, that our marriage shall be the first ceremony performed there. After that period, when Mr. Annefley shall have arranged his affairs, we shall take shipping for England; where I again shall be happy in the sight of my Sabina, doubly happy in receiving her and Lord Dormer's congratulations, to present to them Mr. Annefley, the lover, friend, and husband of their Grace! Such is the pleasing prospect now before me; and, elated by the view, I look back with satisfaction on the past, my dear Lady Dormer, and seem to forget Lord Wycherley ever acted improperly by me. I have been introduced to the family of Sir Edward Alton; his Lady is amiable, but I cannot think Miss Alton at all calculated for a wife to
 Mr.

Mr. Annesley. You will say, perhaps, I am a partial and improper judge, and possibly you say true, but it is with pain that I perceive my happiness founded on her disappointment; for I too plainly see from the dejection of her countenance, the suppressed heaving bosom, expressive of an unfriendly inmate there, an aching heart; and that in losing Mr. Annesley, Miss Alton will also lose her future peace. Sir Edward is sensible of it, and indulgently tries, by every diversion this place can offer, to divert her mind from him. I hope he will succeed, as I feel from sympathy what she suffers on the occasion. A rumour has reached this place that a peace with Spain was signed at Madrid and St. James's; it is not authenticated, the Governor having received no official account of

it from our Court. However, Captain Selwin pleases himself and Louisa, in the idea, as he would then be ordered home. If it should be so, we may possibly come home with him, the accommodations in a man of war being desirable; and we have all plann'd our several departments already. True as is the observation, that the pleasures of the imagination are the greatest we know or enjoy, yet I cannot, at this moment, absolutely subscribe to it; for my heart feels a timidity when I think of the approaching day, although I am certain it will make my happiness complete. You, my Sabina, are not insensible of a similar sensation previous to your union with Lord Dormer. I remember how much you held yourself obliged to me for exerting at that time

time a vivacity which had never been intruded upon by love, or any other depressive visitor. I wish you were here to return the favor, which I now know how to value; thinking, pardon the egotism, that I was an inestimable treasure to you, from the want I feel of such an inspirer of hilarity. Louisa is in a situation too similar to my own, to afford me any such aid; she sighs when I sigh, whereas, I used to laugh at your apprehensions; and rally you for cherishing a needless solicitude, which now I find myself unavoidably a prey to. It nevertheless, my Sabina, brings with all these accumulated perturbations, a certainty of a happy conclusion. In a few months I shall be restored to my native country, from which I have been so long a truant, a wanderer; I shall be restored to my dearest, my best friend,

friend, Lady Dormer, and her Lord; I shall have a confidential friend, (on whom I can rely) in Sir Francis Melville, my guardian; who, fond as he was of me, will I am sure, when Mr. Annesley announces my arrival, receive me again with the affection of a father,—the father he has ever been since he adopted the title, to mitigate the severe affliction I felt when I was forever bereft of the fond, the dear, the real parent!—Oh! how painful is the recollection! it wounds the present in taking too serious a view of the past. I ought not to indulge in the retrospect. Mr. Annesley deserves that every present thought should be a tribute of unclouded love, of unalloyed affection, for his persevering attachment to a woman, who can only merit that attachment by the similarity
of

of her affection for the most amiable of men! The next letter I write to you, my dear Sabina, will be subscribed by a different name,—by the name of another friend, united to your Grace; to cement, by a stronger union, (if possible) the affection of one, who will, in whatever state, and known by whatever name, ever remain, her dear Lady Dormer's unalterably.

Affectionate friend,

GRACE ELLIOTT.

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

LADY GRACE ANNESLEY,

T O

LADY DORMER.

Antigua.

A VERY severe fever, the disease of the country, owing to the sultry, and now excessive heat, with the continual stinging of the musquitoes (a torture you cannot imagine) had nearly deprived my dear Lady Dormer of her friend, and the best of men of his companion, his associate through life. For ten days did nature combat with
fate,

fate, and sensible as I was of my expected dissolution, regretted to die in a foreign land, from my home, from my dear Sabina, and after being so long a wanderer,—an alien,—prematurely to hazard a journey to

———“that undiscovered country,
“From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

But I am again restored to the prayers and intercessions of Mr. Annessley, whose incessant attendance, and anxious care recalled me to life and him, who tenderly avowed the loss of your happy friend would have been an insupportable affliction. Each day, each hour, my Sabina, gives an encrease to my happiness, from the moment I pledged myself to him at the altar; the propitious day, which Mr. Annessley says he shall ever commemorate as the happiest of his life. We were married

at

at the chapel as privately as possible, and then returned to his house. Captain Selwin gave me away, Louisa attended as bride-maid, Miss Alton was wished for as the other, but I saw Mr. Annefsley was too sensible of the trying mortification it would be to her, and therefore declined it. Every pleasing idea, my dear Lady Dormer, opens now in prospect. I have no fears on Lord Whcherley's account; my dearest, as well as best of lover, who has authorised me to call him by a still more endearing name, having given me an assurance of his pacific intentions. But we must not dwell too securely on the fleeting, the transient pleasures of this life; a dash of the cup of affliction may soon destroy all that now appears so fair, as was so nearly evinced in the dangerous illness

ness

ness I am so recently recovered from. All we can do, Sabina, is to enjoy the present, and the present is enjoyed in the supreme happiness of your Grace, admitting encrease only in the prospect of soon seeing her Lady Dormer; for Mr. Annesley is hastening our departure for England, fearing a relapse should again endanger the life of her he so much loves. We shall leave this place very soon, in a few days, with Captain Selwin, the news of the peace being confirmed by the Governor, who had the intelligence officially sent to him soon after I wrote my last letter to you; with, at the same time, an order for the fleet to join and return to England. This will be the last letter I shall write to my Sabi, 'till I reach my native land again. Hasten to me when you hear of my arrival,

arrival, that I may clasp you once more to my breast, and receive those congratulations from you and Lord Dormer, which can never be too often repeated, or too fully impressed on my grateful heart. I cannot conclude this letter without relating to you an instance of fortitude and presence of mind in a young negro girl, about sixteen years of age, belonging to Mr. Annefsley. She had for some time been attached to a youth of her own complexion, who was very fond of her, and last funday they had made an appointment to meet at a certain place; where being very earnest together in conversation, under a large tree, a serpent, term'd a dart, observing them, shot down from the tree, under which they were standing, and fixing on the man, twisted himself

self with great strength round his neck. It fortunately happened he had been weeding in a plantation and had a tool in his hand called a bill-hook, which the girl instantly seized, and forcing it between his neck and the reptile, cut it in two, and by so sudden an expedient saved her lover's life; as, had it bit him it would have been mortal. Mr. Anneffley, when he heard it, in reward to the girl for her courage, consented to their union, giving her for her portion a piece of land, which the husband is to cultivate. But as all happiness has some alloy, the father of the girl, who has been long infirm, and incapable of doing any thing, on being too suddenly told of the danger of his child, as well as of her resolution, with Mr. Anneffley's kind intention towards them,

them, the passions of terror and joy so strongly operated on his weak frame he could not sustain them, for, notwithstanding every assistance, he died in the night, to the inexpressible grief of the daughter. Providentially, my dear Sabina, these venomous creatures are not often to be met with. I have seen the dead formidable reptile, and nothing can be more beautiful than its skin. The lover intends to have it stuffed, and to hang it in his hut in remembrance of the love and courage of his dusky Dulcinea. She is, notwithstanding, a very handsome girl; and were I to reside here, I could soon bring myself to find as much grace, beauty, and elegance in the black race, as in us, who boast the delicacies of transparent white and red. Of this I am certain, they carry it greatly against us in the symmetry

metry of their limbs, and proportion of their bodies; for nothing can be finer made than the generality of the negroes are, and the heat of the climate gives them an opportunity to shew themselves to advantage, being mostly naked, or nearly so, as far as decency permits. My dearest Sabina, indulge me in repeating to you, what is the joy, the pride of my life, I am the wife of Mr. Annessley! how you will love, how admire him when he claims the indulgence of your and Lord Dormer's friendship; he already anticipates the pleasure of knowing friends so dear to his Grace. My hours so very, very happy, I wish to fly faster 'till that meeting, when I shall present the most amiable of men to you both; and clasp my Sabina again to the heart of her affectionate, her truly happy

GRACE ANNESSLEY,
LETTER

LETTER LXIII.

LADY GRACE ANNESSLEY,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Pall-Mall.

IT is at length given me to address myself to my dear Lady Dormer again, from my house in Pall-Mall, the happy home I so incautiously left; now rejoicing in the fruition of all my happiness, in the completion of my utmost wishes, the accomplishment of all

all my hopes, but more in the pleasing self-acquittal that I have not acted wrong. We arrived last night, and this morning Mr. Anneffley visited Lord N——, who is returned from Lisbon, and likewise paid his devoirs to Sir Francis Melville. The dear, amiable good man flew to see me, he pressed me to his parental bosom, and blessed, with a benediction, the woman, who, even amidst her present joys, could not have been entirely happy without his blessing. Lord N—— came with Mr. Anneffley and felicitated his nephew and himself on the union. How flattering, my Sabina, to a grateful, as well as to a sensible mind, are such marks of esteem, from those we ourselves so highly estimate. I can scarcely believe

lieve I merit the attention they so kindly bestow; nor should I credit it were I not continually assured of it by him I will and must rely on, "That his Grace deserves all the most lovely and most amiable of her sex can merit." I am sorry to hear from Lady L—, where I sent to enquire for you, that a confinement at Belvoir-Wood will not permit me to see you yet. The Duke of Glanville is, we are informed, indisposed, at his house in Hanover-Square. Mr. Anneffley seems impatient to see him from friendship, forgetting my persecutions; determining to make me ample amends himself, in the tenderest and fondest affection. I submit to the decision, as the one I have survived; but I could never survive the loss of the

the other. Adieu, my dearest Lady
Dormer, the admiration of the
Emperor, the love of the Sultan,
nor all the charms of travelling,
could make me so happy as I am in
subscribing myself from my home in
England,

Your unalterable friend,

GRACE ANNESSLEY.

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LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

LADY GRACE ANNESSLEY,
TO
LADY DORMER.

Pall-Mall.

MY dearest Sabina, how shall I mention to you the concern I feel, and which will so sensibly affect Lord Dormer and yourself, when I tell you the Duke of Glanville lies dangerously ill, at his house in Hanover-Square, attended by two physicians. Mr. Annessley sent a card this morning, to enquire after his health, when he had a verbal message returned from

from his gentleman, that his Grace was confined to his bed with a violent fever, delirious, and that the physicians gave no hopes of his recovery. Alarmed at the intelligence, Mr. Anneffley immediately went to the house; where, being admitted to his chamber, he found him in the situation described; insensible even to him, though Mr. Anneffley says he fixed his eyes on him, as if a faint recollection dawn'd in his mind. Mr. Fortescue was there, who says he has not been well since his return to England, and the doctors are of opinion the disorder originated from a distress of mind. Let me hope not, my dear Sabina; severely would it afflict me were I persuaded it was so, and on my account. Most cordially do I pardon him; and for Mr. Anneffley, he never

entertained any other thought than perfect friendship and esteem. But when a mind so noble, sentiments of heart so generous, honour so sacred, as once filled the bosom of Mr. Forbes, deviates from the right path, sensibility as severe, and contrition as poignant always succeed; so true is the observation, the more sensible the mind the deeper the wound. Earnestly, my dear Lady Dormer, I am sure you join with me in the hope of his recovery. After dinner to-day we had a servant came to offer his service, who left Mr. Annesley at Lisbon. As we were alone (for Louisa was out) he ordered him up stairs, and on his entrance asked him immediately if he wrote the anonymous letter I received? which the poor fellow, with a hesitating blush acknowledged,

ledged, begging many pardons for the boldness, which Mr. Annessley readily granted; and when he ordered him to retire and call again, told me he should prefer him to the place of his house steward, looking on him as his best friend, and chief instrument in promoting his present happiness.— Thus, my Sabina, time develops all mysteries. Mr. Annessley is gone again to see the Duke of Glanville.— It is late, but I cannot retire to rest 'till his return. Let us pray he may bring a more favourable account; with which prayer I shall subscribe to my being, dear Sabina,

Your ever affectionate,

GRACE ANNESSLEY.

LETTER LXVII.

MISS SUMMERS,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Pall-Mall.

IT is with a very sensible affliction
 I am desired by Lady Grace,
 to inform her friend, Lady Dormer,
 that the truly amiable Duke of
 Glanville is no more! he left this
 world on Saturday morning last, dying
 in the arms of Mr. Annesley and Mr.
 Fortescue, who supported him in a
 scene so distressing to them both, from
 the

the great regard they had for him. Lady Grace Anneffley was in the house, but Mr. Anneffley would not permit her to be present, least a recollection of past transactions should disturb his last moments; for they think his senses were returned, tho' speech had been denied him several days, for he frequently pressed Mr. Anneffley's hand, and died, looking him most wistfully in the face. By his Grace's death the moiety of the estate left him by Lady Grace's uncle, reverts to her, as he died without an heir. The title is now totally extinct, and the family estate goes to a very distant branch. His personal property, which is considerable, he has devised by will, to which Mr. Anneffley and Mr. Fortescue are executors, to each of whom he has left large legacies, with

with a handsome donation to all his servants; particularly Stephen Wiltshire, his groom, to whom he has left fifty pounds a year and a gift besides. He is an old man and lived with the late Duke's father when he was born. Tomorrow Mr. Anneffley and Mr. Fortescue set out to attend the corpse to the Moat, to be buried with his ancestors in the family vault; and they purpose to erect a handsome monument to his memory.

Thus, my dear Lady Dormer, passes away all that is amiable in human nature! The Duke of Glanville, in the estimation of the world, was a nobleman of the most extensive benevolence, the polite scholar, and the gentleman. His private friends knew, from conviction, how truly deserving
he

he was of their esteem,—their friendship, —their confidence,—excepting this instance of his breach thereof to Mr. Annefley; who, knowing his superiour merit, never believed he had occasion to pardon, because he never thought he had transgressed.

The opinion of the physicians that some hidden sorrow preyed on his mind may be true; but I believe it was not so much from remorse on account of his own conduct, as from the violent and insurmountable affection he bore for Lady Grace Elliott, which shewed itself in even the most trivial matters. His whole heart was devoted to her,—he dwelt on her looks,—her words,—her actions,—and if his mind sunk under any oppression, it was, in my opinion, for the loss he had sustained.

sustained in being disappointed of the possession of that woman who only could have ensured his happiness. I cannot, Lady Dormer, dwell any longer on so painful a subject. Lady Grace Annesley is inconsolable, and were it not for the tender solicitude of Mr. Annesley, who is equally affected as herself, I do not know how she would support it. Her affection to that amiable man induces her to suppress her emotion. On their return from the funeral he purposes taking her to Bath, for the season.

I cannot, my dear Lady Dormer, conclude my letter without reverting to the distressing cause; in joining Lord Dormer's and your grief for the premature death of such an amiable friend, lost to us and to society in general,

neral, we have only the poor consolation of regret to sustain us; yet in instances of this nature, let us draw what comfort we can from the uncertainty of our continuance, by prizing more highly the friendship which remains, as I shall always most truly value that of Lady Dormer, being ever her obliged and obedient servant, and

Most affectionate friend,

LOUISA SUMMERS.

LETTER

LETTER LXVIII.

LADY GRACE ANNESSLEY,

TO

LADY DORMER.

Pall-Mall.

My dearest Lady Dormer,

MR. Annessley, with Mr. Fore-
tescue, returned last night,
from performing the sad, sad office of
seeing the remains of their departed
friend deposited, agreeably to his re-
quest, by the side of his father, in the
family vault at the Moat. A handsome
monument is ordered to be erected,

ex-

expressive of his rank, his death, and his age, which unhappily was no more than eight and twenty. The addition to my fortune in the moiety of my uncle's estate, which falls to me on the death of the Duke of Glanville, will afford me no enjoyment, in the irreparable loss Mr. Annefley has sustained in his friend. I was obliged, my dear Sabina, to refer to Miss Summers, to give you the particulars of that unfortunate event. Mr. Annefley tries to conceal his sorrow to support me, and in return I endeavour to conquer a grief which time alone can mitigate, for his sake, who lives but in my happiness. The physicians were of opinion that his disease originated in the mind, if so, how great the atonement, in reparation of the fault. My Sabina, it was no crime to
 -love

love me, and all other errors are lost in that. I can no longer dwell on the painful story; we are endeavouring to divert our minds from the melancholy subject by going to Bath for the season, and intend to make Belvoir-Wood in our road. I shall then have the pleasure of seeing my Sabina, it will be a distressing interview, in recollection of the past; and what still adds to our present trouble, Mr. Annesley has received a letter from Sir Edward Alton, since our arrival here, with an account of the death of Miss Alton, who fell a victim to the violence of a fever similar to that which had nearly deprived me of life. On our return from Bath the marriage of Captain Selwin with Miss Summers is to be solemnized; Lord Garforth, her guardian, by the representation of Mr. Annesley, having

evol- con-

consented to their union. A tear of sympathy and real unaffected sensibility fell from the eye of Mr. Anneffley, on hearing of the death of Miss Alton. In looking back a few weeks how painful the retrospect; in our mutual affection we look to future happiness, and if in my own mind reflection may rise to censure my past conduct, I have this satisfaction, that Mr. Anneffley has not known

A fault, but one, which I must ever own,
That, slighting all besides, I lov'd but him
alone !

GRACE ANNISLEY.

THE END.

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